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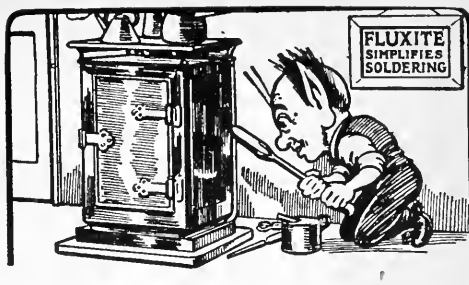
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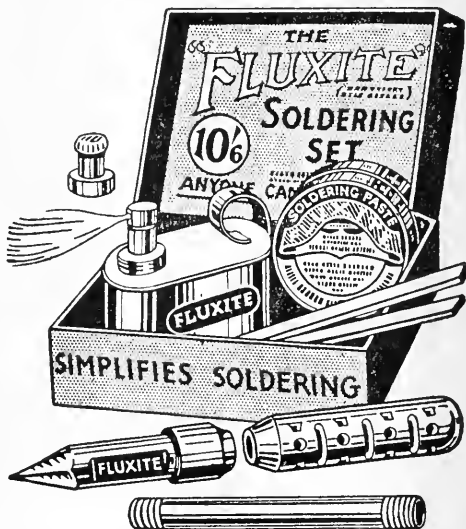
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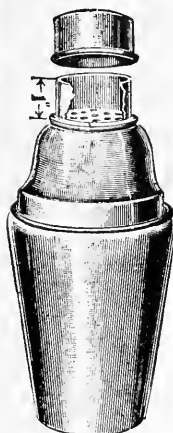
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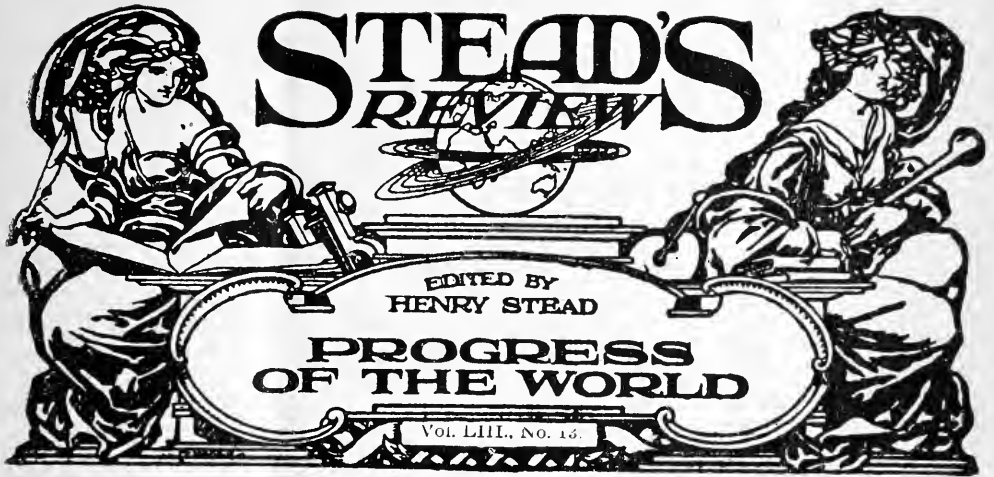
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JUNE 21, 1920.

More Strike Troubles.

Having successfully managed to publish STEAD'S during the twelve weeks of the printers' strike, it was extremely aggravating when every printing establishment in the city was thrown idle owing to the strike of gas workers and stationary engine-drivers. So complete was the hold-up that nothing whatever could be done for a whole week, and the entire setting and printing of STEAD'S has had to be rushed through with much difficulty after the date on which it customarily goes to press. As I write, instead of having completely finished the printing of more than half of it, the formes are not yet made up, and, consequently this number will be somewhat late in reaching the hands of readers. It is an enlarged number, but not quite as large as I had intended it to be. Still, it contains more pages than usual, and another issue of equal size will have made good to readers the 48 pages which had perforce to be omitted in the six issues produced during the printers' strike. The agreement arrived at between the principal electric

companies and their engine-drivers has now given us the electric power we need. Once more trams are running, and streets using electricity as illuminant are again well lit. Gas for domestic purposes is being provided by voluntary workers, but the supply is limited, and there is not yet enough to light the streets. Neither strike is yet definitely settled.

The Next President of America.

The most interesting single happening of the last fortnight is the selection of Senator Harding as Republican candidate for President of the United States. Unless something extraordinary happens his selection by the Republican Convention means that in November next he will be elected President. Mr. Wilson defeated Mr. Hughes in 1916 because it was generally assumed that he would keep the United States out of the war, whereas his opponent would plunge the country into the struggle. But Wilson only won because he had a small majority in the deciding State—California—and his followers, Democrats who were

seeking election, were everywhere badly defeated. This defeat was accentuated in 1918 when the other half of the Members of Congress had to be elected, with the result that a democratic President and his democratic Executive found themselves opposed by a strongly republican House of Representatives and Senate. The only danger Senator Harding need fear is a split in his own party, a section of which might nominate a rival candidate. If that does not happen his election is a foregone conclusion.

What Harding Stands For.

Had Mr. Hoover been a democrat, and had he been selected by the Democratic Party as its candidate, then Harding might have been defeated, because Mr. Hoover is a man great numbers of republicans would have voted for. No one else could have lifted the fight out of party lines, and in a straight-out contest between a party democrat and a party republican, the victory of the latter is certain. Harding will therefore be the next President, and his election will have a notable influence on world politics. It sounds the death-knell of the almost still-born League of Nations, which could only have been coaxed to live by the Americans. It confirms the policy of the United States not to have anything whatever to do with European affairs. It makes American intervention in Mexico almost certain. It ends direct presidential rule, and restores the pre-Roosevelt reliance of the Chief Executive upon his appointed Ministers and the party machine. It means the re-imposition of customs duties on various articles, including wool, which had been lifted by the democrats before the war. It will hardly affect the anti-liquor legislation approved by a Republican Congress, nor is it likely to interfere with the building of a formidable navy. It will probably be greeted with joy by the militarists, anxious to introduce universal training, and to maintain a large army.

The Passing of the League.

The representatives of republican organisations in the United States by

their votes at Chicago have effectively killed the League of Nations, which the American President had created. Its only hope lay in cordial and active American support. Without that it degenerates into a temporary bureau for the carrying out of the decisions arrived at by France, England and Italy. When these no longer see eye to eye, cease to stand sternly united vis-a-vis Germany, it will cease to exist even as a bureau. It must inevitably disappear, having proved an even more futile effort than the Holy Alliance of Kings which, after the Napoleonic Wars, controlled Europe for some years in the interest of ruling potentates. The League was to have controlled the world in the interest of the peoples therein, and, behold! it is already dying. It was a great ideal. To establish it as a real force was worth the shedding of oceans of blood and the squandering of billions of treasure. The inhumane delay in presenting the Peace terms to Germany was excusable if such delay were necessary in order to bring the League properly into being. But, unfortunately, incorporated though it was in the Peace Treaty, the League has failed to secure the whole-hearted support of any country, and its inclusion therein, causing as it did the disastrous postponement in the presentation of the Allied terms, brought chaos worse confounded to Europe. Its inclusion was the cause of the United States Senate refusing to ratify the Treaty, and it is therefore responsible for the continued existence of a state of war between Germany and America.

The Result of the League's Death.

It might have made war almost impossible in the future, it might have enabled the crushing burden of armaments to be lifted altogether. It might have ushered in an era of world peace. It was indeed worth striving for. But having striven and failed, we revert to a state of affairs similar to what existed before the war, only worse—far worse. Instead of peace, the Treaty of Versailles has brought a sword into Europe. Every moderately reasonable person quickly realised that

its terms must be drastically modified, but that modification was to be effected by the League of Nations. The fading out of the League forces Germany and Austria, Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria to secure the necessary revision by other means. By force of arms, by intrigue, by riving the Entente Alliance. The German people, ranking under conditions which they consider terribly unjust, reft of their iron mines, their coal fields, their colonies, their navy, their merchant ships, cannot now hope for that revision by the League of Nations which they hoped would lighten their burdens. Instead of all the peoples of the world, through the League, calmly sitting in judgment on the Treaty, and modifying it, it will remain operative so long as France can count on English and Italian help to enforce it. Therefore, to secure revision the Germans must necessarily endeavour by every means in their power to deprive France of that help, or else must organise an anti-Entente group in Europe strong enough to defy her three conquerors of yesterday.

The Isolation of France.

With America definitely deciding to wash her hands of European affairs, with the death of the League, the approach of active efforts by Germany to evade the terms of the Treaty is much hastened. At one time the Germans had considerable expectations of the League, but now of course they can have none. On the other hand, they will rejoice in Harding's selection. America obviously is not going to help France hold them to the Treaty. Italy is certainly not going to assist in coercing a people against whom she has no quarrel, and from whom she has taken nothing. Her Prime Minister plainly told Lloyd George and Milerand so at San Remo. Apparently, therefore, France can only look to England for help, and already there are plenty of signs that the people of Great Britain, having got most of the plums, having entirely destroyed the German navy, are very averse indeed to being again dragged into a European entanglement. France, then, is left to

rely mainly on her own strength, and at present she is undoubtedly powerful enough to crush any military effort on the part of a largely-disarmed Germany. But France cannot indefinitely carry the huge burden of armaments her isolation and present policy concerning the Treaty make imperative. The time must come when she must cut down expenditure to balance revenue.

If Germany Will Not Pay.

French statesmen are fully alive to this. That is why their every effort is being directed towards compelling Germany to begin paying the war indemnity. This was ostensibly intended to pay for the making good of damage done in France, but actually would be used to maintain the large army France needs to force Germany to carry out the Treaty. If Germany does not pay, what will happen? The French say they will occupy the Rhine provinces indefinitely—but would that tend to the peace of the world? Would it not hasten that alliance between Germany and Russia, which would alter the balance of power in Europe so completely as to compel not merely the revision but the actual scrapping of the Treaty. Some sort of an alliance between Germany and Russia is to be expected, but an offensive alliance would certainly not be likely until some Soviet form of Government was established in Germany. But the obvious danger to France lies in the fact that any sort of an alliance between Germany and Russia would give the latter access to the vast resources of the former, would enable the German people to rapidly reorganise their industries, quickly arm themselves should occasion arise. Whilst one can quite understand and sympathise with the French determination to insist on the letter of the Treaty, one cannot but see that such a policy if persisted in would soon involve our gallant Allies in dire disaster.

The Only Way to Abolish War.

The only ray of hope in the present dark situation is the growing internationalism of labour. We have had some

very striking illustrations of this during the last few weeks. Who would have deemed it possible that 2,500,000 members of the French labour unions would plan to tax themselves one franc each for the relief of their comrade "enemies" in Austria? Who was not surprised to learn that recently 37 car-loads of food, paid for by the International Federation of Labour Unions, had reached Vienna from Holland? Who could read of the 10,000 famished Austrian children being cared for on the Italian Riviera without a warming of the heart to the group of Italian socialist municipalities responsible? As a further illustration of the sympathy of the workers for their fellows in distress we have the action of the Dutch unionists who worked a full national holiday and sent the entire amount of wages they received, 500,000 florins, to the starving people of Vienna.

Workers May Boycott War.

On the other hand, we see trade unionists of England refusing to load arms and ammunition for the Poles, who are invading Russia; the railway unions of England and Ireland refusing to transport war material and troops to and in Ireland; and the International Federation of Trade Unions declaring a boycott on Hungary because of the treatment of the workers by the "White" Government installed by the Allies. If the workers of the different countries had close understandings with each other, there could be no European war. The diplomats, the militarists would be completely powerless could they not send the workers, like poor dumb sheep, to fight and die in quarrels they knew nothing of. The League of Nations is dying amidst imperialistic squabbles, but, thank Heaven! the workers are realising their strength and are beginning to use it. At present they are groping their way blindly, but the success of workers' control in Russia has not been lost on the more highly educated labourer of the West. Were it not for the promise of a war boycott by the men and women who have to

bear the brunt and pay the price, the outlook for the future would be gloomy indeed.

The Elections in Germany.

The German elections have disclosed the fact that the extremists have little real strength. The minority socialist candidates, it is true, have won many seats at the expense of the social democrats, but neither party holds Bolshevik or communistic views. The social democrat leaders have relied for support on the conservative elements in Parliament, and many of their followers—resenting this—showed it by voting for the more extreme wing of the party. Hitherto, the German system of government made for the multiplicity of parties. The Chancellor did not require a majority in the House to carry on the affairs of the country. When needed, a temporary alliance of different sections gave him support in vital matters, but he and his government could carry on safely even if a majority of the members were hostile. Now, however, when the British system has been adopted the Chancellor must have a working majority, or he is defeated and must resign. Therefore, the various parties must necessarily group themselves together, and we are already witnessing the result.

The New Division.

A broad line of cleavage is showing itself. The extremists go into one camp and the anti-extremists into the other. Just as in Australia the rise of the labour party fused the other sections together into an anti-labour combination. The conservative groups—catholic, nationalist, and people's party—are 193 strong, the democrats and majority socialists number 156, and the minority socialists have only 80 seats. Herr Mueller, who relied upon a combination of democrats, majority socialists and catholics, has resigned, and Herr Fehrenbach, a very experienced Baden statesman, has been entrusted with the formation of a government. He has the sure support of the conservative groups, and can also rely on the democrats against the extremists. Although the political

situation is described' as "chaotic," the probabilities are that, provided Herr Fehrenbach can secure modifications of the Treaty, his government will stand. If, on the other hand, he fails to win concessions, the extremists are bound to win increasing support from the people.

Gillotti Again Italian Chief.

The Spa Conference, postponed until after the German election, has again been put off, this time in order to give the Allies time to further modify their scheme for reparation payments. Meanwhile, Signor Gillotti, who strove desperately to keep Italy out of the war, is again Prime Minister of Italy. It is certain that all his influence will be thrown on the side of those who demand the reduction of the Allied terms. He has plenty of trouble of his own at home. The Italian Socialist party is definitely committed to Sovietism, and Signor N. Bombacci was intrusted with the drawing up of a plan for the establishment of the Soviet system within the present industrial and political system in Italy. This is now known as the Bombacci plan, and has been generally adopted by the socialists throughout Italy. In North Italy the factory councils are gaining strength, and peasant revolts in Tuscany and Romagna have brought the government face to face with the problem of the ownership of the land. In many factories the workers have taken charge, and their former employers have had to stand aside.

The Albanians Strike.

On top of these industrial troubles comes the Albanian revolt, which is quite likely to involve Italy far outside the Albanian borders. Miss Derham, in her timely article published in our last number, set out the position in Albania, and indicated clearly enough that the Albanians, having altogether lost faith in the honesty of the Entente Powers, would surely take matters into their own hands sooner or later. Enraged by the occupation of their ports and coastal districts by the Italians, and, furious at the Allied Powers for handing the control of their country

to the Quirinal, the mountaineers attacked the Italian garrisons, and in some cases captured them, in others drove them to take refuge on steamers. They have closely invested Valona, which only held out because it was under the guns of Italian war ships. The Italian Government immediately sent reinforcements, and undoubtedly the Albanians, undisciplined, ill-equipped, will be badly defeated, and have to fly to the hills. But how will the increasingly powerful socialist groups in Italy look on the matter? Presumably, the government has plenty of men, for to meet the Jugo-Slav menace a large army is still maintained, but it is quite possible that the workers at home may object to a war being carried on against a free people in a country where but few Italians dwell.

The Sick Man Revives.

On the whole, though, it is unlikely that the workers will interfere, but any fighting in the Balkans may easily result in war with the Jugo-Slavs, and it will certainly intensify the present ill-feeling between Italy and Greece. The Italian Government has formally protested to the Allies against the handing over of Smyrna and Thrace to Greece, and has demanded the revision of the Turkish Treaty. This has been hastily withdrawn, and is apparently being studded with the object of trying to satisfy the mutually conflicting claims of the two rival peoples. It is becoming clearer every day that the carving up of the Turkish Empire, so carefully planned when the war was raging, is now impossible. Whilst the Allies were dealing with Germany, chopping up Austria, bolstering up Denekine, they neglected Turkey, and the Turks took heart of grace. To cut up the country now would require large forces, and those the Allies cannot spare. Nor are any of them at all eager to begin a formidable military campaign in Asia Minor.

The Abandoned Armenians.

Thus, whilst on the map, whole provinces and districts have been marked, "to Britain," "to France," "to Italy,"

"to Greece," British, French, Italian and Grecian authority runs only where their respective troops happen to be stationed. Britain, it is true, has a large force in Mesopotamia, and therefore, is in sure possession; but the French troops in Syria have had to retreat, and so, too, have the Italian in Adalia. Anglo-Indian forces on the Sea of Marmora have had to be reinforced. This was obviously Greece's opportunity, and astute Venizelos was quick to seize it. He offered to send a Grecian army to assist the Allies against the Turks. If the offer is accepted Greece can hardly be asked to abandon Thrace and give up Smyrna! It is a pretty muddle. The only sure thing is that Great Britain has got Mesopotamia, the Suez Canal, Cyprus and Egypt. The Armenians, meanwhile, are left to their fate, and are looking to Lenin for aid. Is it not an ironical commentary on so loudly declared war aims that the subject peoples everywhere are looking, not to Lloyd George or President Wilson, for assistance, but to Lenin and Trotsky, whose "bloodstained" hands we vowed we would never clasp in friendship.

The White Terror in Hungary.

The news which has recently come through from Hungary confirms what, after the Russian experience, one imagined would be the case. When the Bolsheviks first seized the reins of government in Russia, no tale of their alleged atrocities could be too ghastly to be believed. Murder, pillage, rape, torture, unnameable crimes were laid at their door. Then to overthrow these monsters we pushed Denekine and Koltchak into Russia. Accounts of their brilliant military operations rang round the world; the people freed from the ghastly yoke of the Bolsheviks welcomed them with joy, and so on, and so forth. The usual story. We and our friends could do no wrong; our foes could do no right. Now we know of course that the atrocities of the liberators, Denekine and Koltchak, exceeded anything the Bolsheviks did, and that the so-readily-believed tales of Bolshevik horrors were in the main pure fabrications of the hate cam-

paigners. When Bela Kun set up his communistic government in Hungary, we were told the most awful things about his doings. He must incontinently be thrust from power, and the "Whites" must be given authority. The Paris orders were carried out, and Bela Kun disappeared. Now we learn that very few people lost their lives during his brief rule, but there can be no doubt that the men who, with Allied help, overthrew him were guilty of wholesale slaughter. Their iron rule is still supported by force, and the position may be realised when labour unions throughout Europe absolutely refuse to allow anything whatever to go to the country until the present rulers give up power. The unfortunate Austrian workers, who are loyally carrying out the orders of the International Union, suffer more than do the Hungarians, but they still persist.

The Polish Invasion.

The cables are almost completely silent about the Polish situation. We may take it for granted, therefore, that the Poles are being pushed back. This assumption is confirmed by a brief message telling of a brilliant Polish exploit—a great capture of Bolshevik soldiers—at a place many miles west of the Beresina. This must have been a victory similar to those gained by the Belgians in the early days of the war! Another message suggests, too, that the Poles have had to evacuate Kieff. When the army begins to retreat more rapidly, as it will probably be forced to, all the latent discontent of the alien populations over which the Poles have assumed control, will find vent in hostile acts. The persecuted Jews will hardly remain quiescent, and the starving workers in Poland proper will undoubtedly show their anger at the whole needless business by rising and overthrowing the present government. That is, if the Bolsheviks continue to offer peace on comparatively favourable terms. If, angered at the action of the Poles in wantonly invading their country, they attempt to overrun the whole of Poland, then, presumably, the wretched people would offer a desperate resistance.

Lenin Wants Peace.

There is no doubt, however, that Lenin is anxious to make peace, but the Poles, dreaming of their former grandeur, and, seeing visions of a Poland with the frontiers of 1772 restored, would have none of it. With their army defeated they will perforce have to make peace with the Soviet republic, and, apparently, Lenin would offer them as liberal terms as he did the Estonians—but would not agree to their taking possession of districts peopled chiefly by Russians, or allow them to interfere in any way with Ukraina. The internal condition of Poland is very bad indeed. The mark nominally worth 1s., was worth 6d. a year ago, but is worth less than a halfpenny to-day. The expenditure of the Government is eight times greater than its revenue, and it relies on the printing press to make ends meet. Strikes are of constant occurrence, despite the fact that the country is still under martial law. The promises made the peasants that the land should be made available to them have not been redeemed, and they are seething with discontent. Transport is chaotic; there is a great shortage of coal, and the failure of the potato crop is responsible for much misery. Typhus is raging in many districts. Only the army—well paid, young and enthusiastic—is happy. But it is a spear head without a shaft, for the people are broken behind it.

The British Budget.

The figures of the British Budget make interesting reading. They certainly confirm my assertion that the profiteers are filling the Treasury coffers, and that the Government itself is the greatest profiteer of them all. The excess profits tax brought in no less than £220,000,000, the income tax and super tax £383,800,000. The Government realised the huge sum of £302,000,000 from the sale of "surplus stores." These were bought during the war with borrowed money, but the cash obtained from their sale is being used to balance current expenditure. Surplus stores include wool and wheat bought in Australia, which are

being sold at a big profit, and also other foodstuffs and raw materials the Government purchased not as army supplies, but to help the Dominions, to feed the people and to profiteer with. On the expense side the only items which are likely to be reduced during the coming years are the £125,000,000 for the army and the £84,372,000 for the navy. Interest on war debt, £345,000,000, will remain the same for a long time, so, too, will the £497,000,000 for the public services. This latter item was £55,000,000 in 1913! Pensions are included, and will slowly decrease as the years pass, and no doubt the bread subsidy of £45,000,000 will cease to be paid ere long. But at the best, the civil service cost will remain well over £400,000,000, just twice the total pre-war expenditure of the country.

Mr. Watt's Bombshell.

Mr. Watt's resignation startled the country. He had been intrusted with tasks in England vital to the Commonwealth, and in the midst of the complicated negotiations about loans, and wool, and repayment of advances, and mandates, and migration, and the re-organisation of Australia House, he suddenly threw up his job. Obviously only the most acute differences between the Treasurer and the Government could justify such a course. Mr. Hughes expressed himself as thunderstruck by the resignation, and Ministers were also amazed. At a special Cabinet meeting called in Sydney they, however, accepted it, and endorsed a statement on the subject prepared by Mr. Hughes. According to this there had been no vital disagreement, and there was nothing in the cables which had passed to justify Mr Watt in taking this extreme step. Naturally, Mr. Watt's reply was awaited with great interest, but he has contented himself with a very brief answer. In this he asserts that Mr. Hughes was communicating direct with the British authorities with whom he himself was negotiating. This created an intolerable situation, and forced his resignation. Surprise has been felt that the Cabinet, containing many friends of

Mr. Watt's, should have countenanced any hampering of his negotiations in the manner suggested.

Were There Other Communications?

The explanation which naturally occurs to most people is that the Prime Minister in certain matters over which the Government has no direct control has communicated with London without informing his Ministers. If that be so, we will not be at all enlightened when the correspondence between the Cabinet and Mr. Watt is laid on the table of the House. We will have to wait until Mr. Watt himself makes public the communications to which he takes exception. If these have not been sent to him, but to the British authorities direct, it may be difficult for him to produce them. His challenge to Mr. Hughes to make them public is not likely to be taken up. Meanwhile, all the urgent matters which Mr. Watt was sent to London to settle await attention. The fact that a Minister had to go to London suggests that they were too complicated to be arranged by cable and correspondence. If that be so, then someone else will have to be despatched to England, but thus far no Minister appears to be getting ready for the journey. The difficulty all the States and the Commonwealth are experiencing in arranging for loans in Britain may yet send them to the United States. If money were obtained there we may take it for granted that one condition would be the lowering of the tariff against American goods. We are beginning to learn that we cannot do just exactly as we like now that we have joined the community of nations.

New Zealand Notes.

The opponents of Asiatic immigration are becoming more demonstrative. A proposal that waterside workers should refuse to unload ships bringing such immigrants has been approved by the Auckland Union concerned, and referred by that body to the Transport Workers' Federation. The Dominion Conference of Returned Soldiers on June 3 passed a resolution asking Parliament to exclude Asiatics.

The immigration policy of the Returned Soldiers' Association can hardly be called charitable. That body strongly objects to permitting the immigration of ex-imperial soldiers' widows with young families, or any other persons who are likely to become a charge on the taxpayers of the Dominion or on the patriotic societies' funds. Also the Association claims that the general immigration policy "should be controlled by, and be entirely secondary to, the repatriation policy."

General Birdwood, who received the heartiest of welcomes in New Zealand, has been giving advice on military policy. Like Sir James Allen, he places no trust in the League of Nations. In a public address he asked what could be said of the League at present except that it could do no harm. New Zealanders must still rely on their strong right arm for defence, feeling that they could rely upon God when they had a just and righteous cause. While speaking of "defence," he did not forget to remind his hearers of the old military maxim that attack is the best defence, giving them a warning to see that the next war would be fought out in somebody else's back yard. He advised those responsible for New Zealand's army to keep in close touch with the military authorities in Australia and India, and to arrange as far as possible for co-operation with those countries.

The production of hard coal in New Zealand has diminished by more than one-third in the last five years, and is now insufficient to supply the needs of the principal coal-using industries—shipping, railways, gasworks, freezing works, and electric light and power. It was only by the Government's action in arranging for unusually large importations that these industries were saved from a serious shortage last year. Domestic supplies are still insufficient. The go-slow strike, which ended in February last, was responsible for a part of the decrease, but New Zealand's output has been on the wane since 1914. In that year 1,494,000 tons of hard coal were produced; in 1919 only 961,000 tons. The total

yield of hard and soft coals has diminished in the same period from 2,276,000 tons to 2,034,000 tons.

New South Wales Notes.

The Prince's visit to Sydney has been one long-continued pageant—everywhere marked by enthusiastic demonstrations of love for his person and loyalty to the Crown. The reception in the harbour itself on the eventful morning of June 16th was the most animated and the most picturesque that even the Prince himself in all his travels had probably ever seen, and such as only Sydney could present.

The Royal Pavilion at Farm Cove, with its lofty portals, its waving palms and its gilded crowns, where the first official welcome took place, was a memorable sight, and so, too, was that of the Prince himself, as he stepped ashore in the frock coat, gold epaulettes and cocked hat of a naval post-captain, bringing with him the rosy complexion and fascinating smile that have made him so popular wherever he goes. Sydney had put on her very

best attire; massive white arches symbolising the agricultural, pastoral, shipping and other activities of the State, had been erected at various points; Macquarie Street was lined with lofty obelisks, each bearing a shield dedicated to some portion of the Empire. It was garlanded with green, festooned with electric globes and bulbs, which scintillated in the glowing rays of the sun; it was adorned with countless coloured balloons, and profusely beflagged. Throughout the city the decorations were on a similarly attractive scale, public and private vying with each other in decorating their buildings in a manner worthy of the event.

The Prince's visit coincided with the termination of the drought, the further prolongation of which would have ruined a large number of the men on the land. The wheat crop has been practically saved, as also what remained of the flocks and herds, although these have been devastated to a tremendous extent.

POPULAR DELUSIONS—By HENRY STEAD.

II.—“PRODUCE, PRODUCE, PRODUCE!”—A FALSE CRY.

On his return from England, after his first trip home during the war, Mr. Hughes made “Produce! Produce! Produce!” his slogan. He also declared that we must organise with the object of producing more. This on the platform. It was a good cry. But in practice Mr. Hughes did nothing whatever to help organisation or to explain what it was that we had to produce more of. Mr. Lloyd George and other leading statesmen and politicians have also urged the need of increased production, and are still declaring that that way only salvation lies. But what is the use of shouting “Produce! Produce! Produce!” and not indicating what products are required?

Most people assert that increased production is necessary, but I have met very few indeed who have been

able to explain why they think so. Of course the usual statement made is that prices will not fall until the supply has overtaken the demand, and it cannot overtake it unless more things are produced. That sounds all right, but presupposes that there is a world shortage of everything and that this shortage alone is responsible for high prices. A careful examination of the produce returns in many articles must convince anyone that there are other causes at work, and in the end one comes to the conclusion that it is the holding up of existing supplies which causes high prices, and not a failure to produce enough.

During the war production went on in most parts of the world, but the usual purchasers were unable to buy. Governments therefore stepped in and

bought in gigantic quantities. Britain purchased Australian wheat, meat, wool and butter, bought also from Canada, India and the United States. Bought at high prices too. The supplies purchased during the war were, however, not exhausted when the struggle ended, and the Government has been engaged since the Armistice in disposing of its stocks to the best advantage. It does not intend to flood the market with its stores, for this would involve a heavy loss, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is actually covering much of the State's huge expenditure by the sale of wheat, wool, meat, and the like, to the public, at very high prices. In fact, the Government is acting like a huge trust for the benefit, not of the people now, but of the exchequer. The De Beers Diamond Company maintains the price of the precious stones it mines by keeping back diamonds in its safes, and allowing only a limited supply to reach the market at a time. That example, it seems to me, is being followed by all Governments which have purchased the entire output of any country. They are unloading slowly and methodically, so that they shall make money, not lose it.

There are things of course of which there is an undoubted shortage, but, on the other hand, of the things which this country produces, there is actually no more shortage now than there was before the war. There is, however, a shortage of purchasers, owing to the fact that the buying capacity of the whole of Central Europe has been gravely reduced, and also because the Russians, great purchasers of many things, have been absolutely cut off from world markets. Not only are purchasers fewer, and less able to buy, but transport is chaotic. Thus we find huge supplies in one country and destitution in one near by, but lack of transport and short-sighted hate prevent the conveyance of these supplies from the land of plenty to the land of famine.

Meat is high priced here, and still higher in other countries, but the cold stores are crammed to overflowing in

London, and mutton and beef are actually being destroyed instead of being sold to the public at low cost. The American Department of Agriculture has recently compiled a table, showing the live stock in the world before the war and the live stock there to-day. From this we find that there are something like 20,000,000 more cattle now than there were in July, 1914, and about 14,000,000 more sheep. There is actually no greater shortage of meat in the world now than there was before the war began, but there is difficulty in distribution, and—hoarding. Once transport becomes normal again, and directly the greatest profiteers, the Governments, and the lesser profiteers, whom we all denounce, can hoard no more, prices, it seems to me, must fall greatly.

I have not got the figures of wheat production in Great Britain last year, but during the later years of the war we know that it was far greater than usual. Presumably the production is still above normal. Germany, before the war, imported a comparatively small quantity, Austria exported. France produced as much as she required, Italy imported, Roumania exported, and so did Russia in immense quantities. Roumania is presumably getting into her stride again, and Russia, we know, has great quantities waiting export. These two countries alone are quite able, when transport has recovered, to supply all the needs of Europe. So far as we are concerned, therefore, we must rely entirely upon the English demand, and obviously this demand, owing to the increased area under cultivation in the United Kingdom, is going to be less instead of more than it was in 1913.

It seems to be generally assumed that the shortages of the war years must somehow be made up. But whilst this may be the case with some things, it is certainly not true of food products. People who lived on a starvation diet last year and the year before are not going to eat twice or three times as much this year as they normally used to. They cannot possibly eat now supplies they ought to have

eaten before. There is actually no shortage of wheat to-day; dislocated transport and hoarded stores are responsible for high prices and starvation in certain parts of the world. During the war we have had to pay formerly undreamed of prices for wheat and bread, whilst, at the same time, millions of bags of grain were stacked on our railway sidings. We have had to pay these high prices, not because there was any shortage of grain, but because Australian grain had been cornered by the British Government. Once let the heaped-up granaries of South Russia open their doors to the world, and down must go the price of wheat. By blockading Russia—for political and military reasons—the British Government has managed to prevent the market being flooded with wheat until it had disposed of the supplies it had bought during the war—disposed of them, too, at a handsome profit!

What applies to meat and wheat applies to some extent also to wool. True there is much replacement required, but that replacement is certainly nothing like equal to the lack of production during the years since 1914. That is to say, during the war a man continued to wear clothes he would ordinarily have discarded, and has now nothing fit to wear. He does not, however, require in his wardrobe all those suits which, in the ordinary course, he would have bought during the last six years. There is, of course, much upholstering to be done in railway carriages, and in homes, but the amount of material needed for this must be far less than would have been used in repairs during six ordinary years. I am emphasising this point because, whilst wool has not been used during the war years to anything like the extent it would have been had there been no war, sheep the world over have produced just as much wool as they would have done had there been no life and death struggle raging. This wool has not been used up, but has been stored, and it would be indeed amazing if the stored produce of six years did not considerably exceed the demand for making good the wear

and tear of the war period. The wool the British Government bought up is now being sold at great profit, but once it has been unloaded the market must again become normal, for this wool should prove ample to make good dilapidations and shortages.

Naturally neither wool nor wheat will ever again drop to pre-war prices, because the purchasing power of the sovereign has fallen by half. But it would seem inevitable that both will go to pre-war price in relation to the real value of the sovereign. Let us say for instance, that wool brought 6d. the lb. before the war, soon after the British Government has completed its profiteering operations it should drop to about 1s. the lb. if the purchasing power of the sovereign remains as it is at present. It is to be hoped that our wool and wheat growers, who have been getting prices they never dreamed possible, have laid up reserves for the time—a year, or perhaps two years hence—when there will be an end to these halcyon days, and the old prices again rule. Wool and wheat—and especially meat—will always be wanted, and will always command a ready sale in English markets, but with the re-establishment of transportation facilities they will have to meet there the competition of Russia and Argentine, Canada and the United States.

There are plenty of things it pays well to produce, but the parrot cry of "Produce! Produce! Produce!" is foolish, unless it is accompanied by a systematic investigation of world needs. To merely go and produce something—any old thing—just for the sake of producing, is ridiculous. You have got to produce your purchaser, and that you can only do by anticipating his wants. What is the use of offering him a mouse-trap if he wants a hatchet, of pressing your wheat on him when it is cotton he needs! The politicians' cry, "Produce!"—no matter what—is a false one. What should be done is to direct special production. But who could expect a Prime Minister in search of an election slogan to worry about a detail like that!

HISTORY IN CARICATURE



Oh wnd some Power the giffie gie us
To see oursels as ilthers see us.—BURNS.

(E)

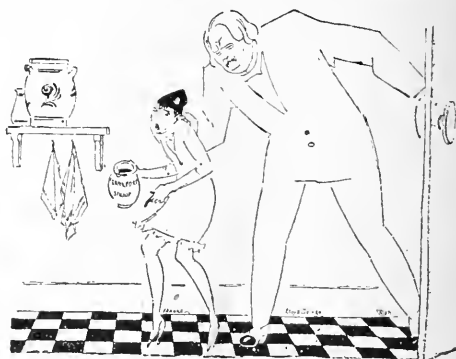


De Notenkraker. [Amsterdam.
FRANKFURT IN BLACK.
The Protector of European Civilisation.



De Amsterdammer. [Amsterdam.
THE OCCUPATION OF FRANKFURT.
JOHN BULL: "I can't stop these youngsters
going—but I'm not going myself!"

The Continental papers contain many caricatures dealing with the occupation of Frankfurt and other German towns by the French. Strong condemnation of the use of black troops is shown in many of them. That reproduced from the Dutch *Notenkraker* being typical.



De Notenkraker. [Amsterdam.
FRANCE AT THE SYRUP (FRANKFURT).
LLOYD GEORGE: "That's enough!"



Il 420.]

[Florence.

A STOP-GAP.

DEATH: "That's right. Now that there is neither war nor Spanish 'flu,' I think you two ought to keep me busy."



Esquella.]

[Barcelona.

THE RESURRECTION.

A caricature which may any day become a fact.

Most of the Italian papers are opposed to the French action, and not a few of the neutrals suggest that John Bull was quite happy to let somebody else pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him.

Il 420 very cleverly depicts what happened in Germany as a result of Dr. Kapp's *coup d'etat*. In his effort to upset the Government, he roused the workers, who effectively routed him.



Citizen.]

[Brooklyn.

THE HORNET'S NEST.



Eagle.]

[Brooklyn.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Varying views of the Senate's action in refusing to ratify the Peace Treaty are to be found in the American papers.



[Sun.]

[Pittsburgh.]

CUTTING THE ROPE.

Wahre Jakob. [Stuttgart.
DELIVERY OF GERMAN MILCH COWS TO
FRANCE.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the child slaughter of Bethlehem have you a thousand-fold exceeded."

On the whole, the majority seem to regret the failure of the Senate to approve the document drawn up at Paris.

The German papers show themselves especially bitter over the surrender of live stock, coal and locomotives to the Allies.

The humorous journal, *Don Quixote*, published in Brazil, has rather a smart



[Stockholm.]

A QUESTION.

ORATOR: "Long live Germany! Long live the Republic!"
A VOICE: "What on?"



Wahre Jakob.]

[Stuttgart.]

THE GERMAN LAMB.

JOHN BULL: "We won't kill it. Repeated shearings will be more profitable."



[Don Quixote.]

[Rio de Janeiro.]

RUSSIA OFFERS PEACE TO EUROPE.



The Eagle. [Brooklyn]
THAT OLD RELIABLE LIFE PRESERVER.



Star. [Montreal]
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

little cartoon, showing Russia offering Peace to Europe on the end of a bayonet.

The Passing Show cleverly suggests why the cost of living is so high.

The *Montreal Star* shows itself very much opposed to the United States. Its cartoon, "The Good Samaritan," depicting John Bull feeding the starving people of Central Europe, whilst Uncle



L'Asino. [Rome].
IN THE EAST.
THE TURK: "But you are strangling me!"
WESTERN CAPITALISM: "No. I am only curing you with the remedies of civilisation."



The Passing Show. [London].
Front— and Back.
GOING STILL HIGHER.



[Il 420.]

[Florence.]

A "PARLIAMENTARY SUCCESS."

Though Nitti invariably encounters great opposition in the Chamber, this does not apply to the motion for increased pay for the members thereof.

Sam rides by on the other side, is hardly accurate. The food stuffs which have been sent from Great Britain appear all to have been paid for in gold, whereas those sent by America have not been paid for yet, although the security for payment is good.



[News.]

[Dayton.]

Slander, too, "Loves a Shining Mark."

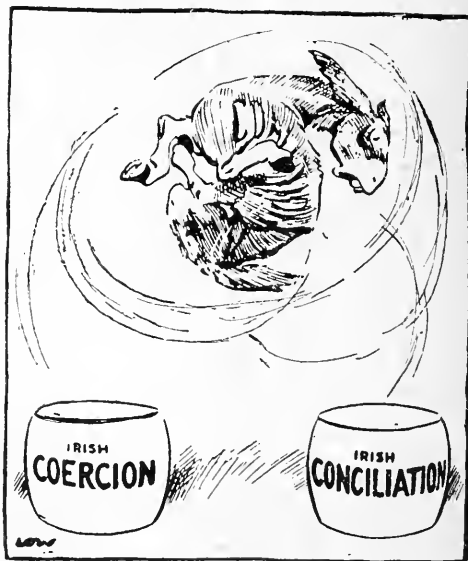
David Low continues to turn out most excellent work. His cartoon of the irresolute ass splendidly hits off the vacillating attitude of the British Government towards Ireland.



[Evening News.]

[London.]

THE BABE IN THE IRISH WOODS.



[The Star.]

[London.]

The irresolute ass that can't decide where to sit down.

MEN OF MARK.

WARREN G. HARDING, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

"I am distinctly a party man," wrote Warren C. Harding during the Presidential campaign in 1916. He was opposing Roosevelt, because Roosevelt had dared to break the Republican party harness. The party, said Harding, was too big to follow any man.

The man chosen by the Republican party as its candidate for the Presidency is "distinctly a party man," and, his critics say, he is little besides. But apart from politics, he has had an interesting life, and some day, if future events should thrust greatness upon him, he may be made the hero of a biography entitled, "From Printer to President." The romance of his life has been the building up of his newspaper, the Marion (Ohio) *Star*. Up to the time of his taking possession of this village "rag," at the age of nineteen, he had led just such a healthy boy's life as many another boy in the fields and schools of an interior state. His father was a doctor in a small village, able to help young Warren a little toward a career of intellect, but not to free him from the necessity of toil with spade and hoe and axe on the surrounding farms. Even while attending college—the Ohio Central College of Iberia—Warren Harding had to work his passage, earning a few dollars as opportunity offered by cutting corn, painting a barn, driving a team on a railroad navvying job. At school he was a popular sport, a swimmer, a musician, and an amateur editor. He came to know the village printer, and loved to haunt the typeracks. Then he left college, and set his eyes upon *The Star*. The story of his connection with the paper is thus told in one of his circulars, issued during the present Presidential campaign:

The Star was a struggling daily paper, diminutive in size, in a struggling county-seat town of 4000 inhabitants. Young Harding yearned to possess it. Though it had had such a precarious existence, that it was difficult to tell whether it were an asset, or a

liability, his father, having faith in the boy . . . lent his credit in assisting him to take it over, the consideration being only the assumption of its indebtedness.

The lad went into the work with all the enthusiasm of youthful ambition. He lived with his paper, day and night.

At times he performed every function, from "devil" to managing editor. Thorny was the road, and sometimes the coffers were so depleted that it was necessary to request advertisers to make advance payment of bills, in order to keep the enterprise afloat. But the story of how it grew and expanded, ultimately outgrowing, and taking over its competitor, is too long to be written here. It is the same old story of love, devotion, energy, resourcefulness and determination winning against all odds.

The Star to-day . . . has the largest circulation of any newspaper in a city of 30,000 inhabitants in the Middle West. It is quoted more often than any other newspaper outside the great cities. . . . Always conservative, always fearless, it has fought for high ideals, and won its way to a place of prestige and power, and the guiding spirit is, and was, Senator Harding. There has never been a strike, or threatened strike in *The Star* office. . . . After he had established his paper on a firm foundation, he organised a stock company, distributing shares to each of his employees, and he and they still own it.

Senator Harding carries a printer's rule as a talisman.

The campaign biographer (who, of course, does not moderate his transports of enthusiasm upon the candidate's virtues and successes), proceeds to tell how he "boosted" every new enterprise in the growing town, and invested in many new companies. He is, at present, we are told, "a director of a bank, director of several large manufacturing plants, and is also a trustee of the Trinity Baptist Church, of which he is a member, and upon whose services he is a regular attendant."

His church-going, is, of course, a part of his political equipment! And his campaign manager does not forget to list in his favour the virtues that should come to him from his father's Scottish extraction, and from the Dutch blood of his

mother's family. He has reached the safe age of fifty-five.

As a politician, Harding has had just such a career as might be expected of an able man, conservative, and a staunch supporter of party and partisan methods. He was twice a member of the Ohio State Legislature, and served a term as Lieutenant-Governor before he was elected to the United States Senate. The character of his politics may be gauged from a few extracts from his "keynote" address, issued before the selection of the Republican candidate at the last election:

"The people of the United States are ready and eager to acclaim the Republican party returned to the nation's service. The tide is swelling and irresistible. . . .

"Democracy (meaning, of course, the Democratic party) reduced the capacity to live, and left the cost mounting higher. It has been talking a hundred years about the interests of the American, and never a thought for the American producer.

"Our protective policy is sure to be the great issue of the coming campaign. There will be more spectacular issues. There will be the patriotic appeal for preparedness, with Republican commitment to an adequate programme for

national defence. . . . But the protective policy is inseparable from any preparedness discussion. . . .

"I do not mean to say that our party has a monopoly on American patriotism. But we must have a slogan on prosperity, and we should *make America prosper first.*"

Friend and foe alike regard Harding as a conservative, thoroughly hostile to radical movements, whether in industry or in home or international politics. He pays lip-service to international understanding, "with reservations," like a good party man. *The New Republic* said recently: "Men like Governor Lowden and Senator Harding belong to a pre-war period, and have no relationship, either moral or intellectual, to the issues arising out of the war." And that liberal paper, which seems to have left Harding out of its list of possible candidates, sized him up merely as a type by which others could be compared. Thus, after giving some credit to General Wood, it said: "On the excess profits tax, the tariff, the Lodge reservations (to the Peace Treaty), and the other articles of Republicanism, he (Wood) is as regular as Warren Harding himself." Not since McKinley's day has the Republican party put forward a candidate who is so "distinctly a party man."

L. B. KRASSIN, DELEGATE OF SOVIET RUSSIA TO ENGLAND.

Much controversy has raged round the delegation sent by the Lenin Government to negotiate with those of England and France concerning the resumption of trade relations. The leader, Leonid Borisovitch Krassin, has been described as a German, as a pro-German, and as a Bolshevik extremist. Those who declared him German were apparently misled by the fact that during the war he was temporarily in charge of the great Siemens-Schuckert electrical enterprise in Petrograd. Actually, he is a Siberian by birth, and has long striven for the liberation of Russia from the Tsar's yoke.

He is the only prominent engineer and technician amongst the communis-

tic leaders. There are plenty of efficient lawyers, doctors and journalists directing the Soviet Republic, but it is the practical worker Krassin who has been entrusted with the most difficult tasks in connection with reorganisation. His gifts were well recognised in pre-war days, and he had a very successful professional career in spite of his pronounced revolutionary tendencies. In August, 1918, he was made Minister of Munitions, and at the same time Minister of Trade and Industry. In March, 1919, he became Commissary of Transport. It is owing to his tremendous efforts that there are any trains running in Russia at all to-day. He thus explained the position to an interviewer at Moscow:—

Since 1914 we have been using up old locomotives. They bore the whole wear and tear of the war without renewal. Many engineers were mobilised at the beginning of the German war, and killed. Not only locomotives, but also the tools for their repair are worn out. Some of the principal railway machine shops are in the south, and have for a long time been out of our hands. Many shops have been destroyed by the Whites. A great part of our skilled workmen, as the most politically conscious part of the population, have gone to the front to defend the Revolution.

Further, before the war only fifteen per cent. of the locomotives burned wood fuel, the others used oil and coal, of which we have been deprived. A hundred per cent. now burn wood, and we therefore had to use wood in firing locomotives that were not built for that purpose. The wood-chopping machinery is inadequate for this wholly unexpected work. We have had to use too big logs for firing, and damp wood, with the result that the percentage of boiler repairs has been altogether abnormal.

The Whites, led by Denekine and Koltchak, and heartily supported by France, Britain and the United States, when forced to retreat tore up the railway lines and destroyed bridges quite regardless of the fact that they were injuring their own country and forcing it still further towards ruin. They even destroyed the pumping stations. These Krassin repaired, also 5000 bridges, many of them of huge size, spanning the great rivers. When appointed Commissary he found the railways in the hands of innumerable committees, all pulling against each other. Krassin soon created order out of chaos by employing methods rather at variance with what we have come to regard as Bolshevik practice. He described these as follows:—

I approached the task of reorganising our ruined railways purely from the point of view of a technician. Either something had to be done, or we should have come to a standstill. First of all, all authority was concentrated in the Commissariat. Secondly, individual control was substituted for collegiate control. Where we have a first-rate technician, who is also a Communist, we give him absolute control. Where we have a man who is a good technician, but not a Communist, we give him complete technical control, but appoint a Communist Commissary to control politically. The effect is that in all questions of technical direction the responsibility and initiative belong to a single man, and not to a crowd, and at the same time, it ensures that that man's initiative is applied for the good of the State as a whole.

To the suggestion that this was

hardly a communistic solution, Mr. Krassin replied:—

I will guarantee that if I were allowed the means to feed and clothe the workers of any given factory, I could, under the Communist system, raise the productivity of labour above the point at which it stood in 1914. I say this, talking not as a revolutionary, but as a technician. I put this view before the German technicians also, pointing out that for reasons not of Socialistic ideals, but of pure expediency, it will be necessary to turn from the old system to the new in order to attain that productivity which alone can pull humanity out of the abyss into which it has been thrown by war.

I am absolutely convinced that capitalism has been outgrown, and must give place to a more economic system of industrial organisation. The process may be long, and may be accompanied by temporary retrogression in the amenities of living, but the process cannot be arrested.

He declared that every factory in Russia which has been able to obtain the needed materials has been working well, and when challenged showed that he had been able to make all the cartridges and boots the army wanted. Unfortunately, as a state of war existed, it was on these things they had been forced to concentrate first of all.

If Eng'land and France want raw materials from Russia they will have to supply her with machines and locomotives. If they refuse so to do so much the worse for them, as it will mean further postponement of the day when Russian raw material again becomes available for Europe. In the end, even without foreign aid, Russia will emerge from the abyss. "We shall have to crawl out on all fours, but somehow or other I am sure that we shall be able to crawl out." His past record, his achievements as transportation Commissary, and his boundless faith in Russia suggest that he was eminently the man to conduct the Soviet side of the bargaining now going on in London.

Krassin was born in 1870. As a youth he attended the Technological Institute at Petrograd, where he went through his scientific course. He was, however, expelled after three years for taking part in a students' uprising. He was serving in the army, in 1892, when he was arrested and thrown into

prison, accused of carrying on democratic propaganda in the works of the Moscow-Brest railway. The case dragged on for a couple of years, but he was ultimately released, only to be rearrested soon afterwards. On this occasion he was expelled from the army and exiled to Siberia. The work he did on the construction of the mid-Siberian Railway gained him permission to complete his studies at Kharkoff, in 1897. His socialistic leanings resulted in his expulsion from the Kharkoff Institute in the following year. This, however, did not prevent his becoming the head of the survey for the Petrograd-Viatka railway. In the same year he was appointed to an important position in connection with the survey for the extension of the Siberian railway at Baikal.

Having completed this work, he returned to Kharkoff, only to be expelled once more. From 1900 to 1904 he was at Baku as sub-manager of the Electric Power Company, which was building the central electrical station for the oil wells. He was connected during that time with an extremist paper called "Iskra," (The Spark). The circulation of this paper was prohibited, but its printing offices were later taken over by the Central Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Workmen's Party.

From Baku, he went to take charge of the central electrical station of the Nikolsky manufactories. In 1905, the year of the attempted revolution, he was outlawed, and narrowly evaded capture. He escaped to Switzerland, where he became acquainted with Lenin. Before long, however, he was able to return to Russia, and became manager of the Petrograd Cable System, but all the time he continued in close relations with the Bolsheviks. His activity in this direction ultimately obliged him to leave Russia, and he settled in Berlin, where he was employed in one of the great Siemens-Schukert establishments.

In 1912 he went to Moscow, by permission of the Russian police, as director of the Moscow branch of this firm.

In January, 1914, he was transferred to Petrograd to fill a similar position, and when the German Staff departed on the outbreak of war, he was appointed managing director of the enterprise—a position he held until August, 1918, when he became a member of the Soviet Government.

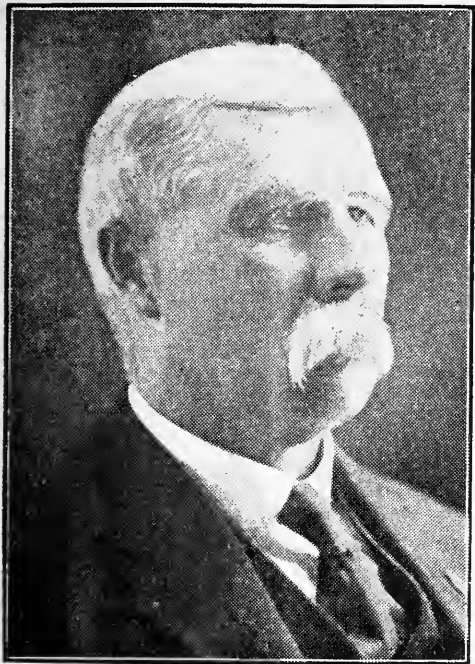
William T. Goode, whose illuminating articles on Russia have been appearing in "The Manchester Guardian," writes of him as follows:—"His connection with the Soviet Republic dates from 1917, when he went to Brest-Litovsk to take part in the Peace Conference with the Germans, at the invitation of Lenin and Trotsky. He took part also in framing the Commercial Treaty, acting as a financial and economic expert. On returning to Moscow he was elected on to the Presidium of the Supreme Council of National Economics, and made chairman of the Extraordinary Commission for the equipment of the Red army. He became Commissary of the People for Foreign Trade in November, 1918, and upon the formation of the Council of Workmen and Peasants' Defence he was made a member. At last he was created by the All Russian Central Executive Commissary of the People for Ways and Communications, and took up his duties on March 20, 1919.

"In the prime of his powers, sparkling with energy, Krassin is a well-set-up man, with black hair and full beard, a dark but bright complexion, and an engaging manner. He is supremely competent, and his personality and conversation convey that impression swiftly to those with whom he speaks. One phrase which he used with me pictures the man at a stroke. 'I would not take this post (Ways and Communications) unless I was assured I should be master.' There spoke the completely efficient administrator, and therein lies the secret of the salvation of the broken-down, semi-destroyed Russian transport system, a salvation that has secured a measure of traffic, a measure of feeding for the nation, and the supply of the military needs of nine fronts."

IRRIGATION AND ORGANISATION UNLIMITED.

THE PARTNERSHIP THAT MADE GOOD.

By M. REINER.



WILLIAM B. CHAFFEY, OF MILDURA.

Everybody likes to hear about successful businesses. But it would be of no use looking for the above firm. It is not in the register of limited companies. In fact, it is run under a different name. Of which more anon. But it is successful all right. It bears imitating. It simply cries out for imitations. That is why I am telling about it.

We are in midsummer; the burning midsummer of Victoria which sucks the very life out of the soil. Traverse the country where you will, and you will pass miles upon miles of brown stubble and scorched bush. The monotony of the land, dozing heavily in the fierce glare, wearies the eye and dulls the mind. The very cattle, straying forlornly in the deserted paddocks, droop wearily under the heat, and frequently lack energy to raise their heads, bowed low in search of a forgotten grain.

To be sure, there are many signs that this is but a transient state. Neat

stone cottages, implements here and there, the coming and going of turn-outs on the dusty roads, are tokens of latent energy, now drowsy as the summerland. In another month or two, when the weather breaks, these sleeping fields will spring to life; those phlegmatic farmers to renewed activity. Parched soil and souls will revive under the Heaven-sent rains. But in midsummer rural Australia sleeps.

The vast bulk of this continent, enervated by an over-generous supply of the sun's heat, sleeps. There are a few exceptions. A few spots, tiny pin-marks on the map as yet, where life's pulse beats unabatedly throughout the arid summer. That is, where man has once again pitted his wits against Nature—dared and done. That is the great surprise and the redeeming glory of the stark Mallee in its midsummer grimness; the fruitful, smiling Murray valley across the vast expanse of hungry bush; the thin, verdant line, which ever widens and lengthens.

Water is life; drought death. This lesson has burned into the consciousness of the white man, a little deeper in everyone of the hundred odd summers that passed since he took charge of Australia. The blacks knew it long before him, and bowed to Fate. The white man, as is the way of his rebel nature, fretted and worried till he had found means of using some of winter's abundant water-supply during the dry summer. He dug catchments and channels, dammed rivers, and has even tapped the huge pools deep down in the bowels of the earth, by boring through its granite crust. And all this presumptuous tampering with the im-

memorial ways of Nature he calls Irrigation.

THE BEGINNINGS OF IRRIGATION.

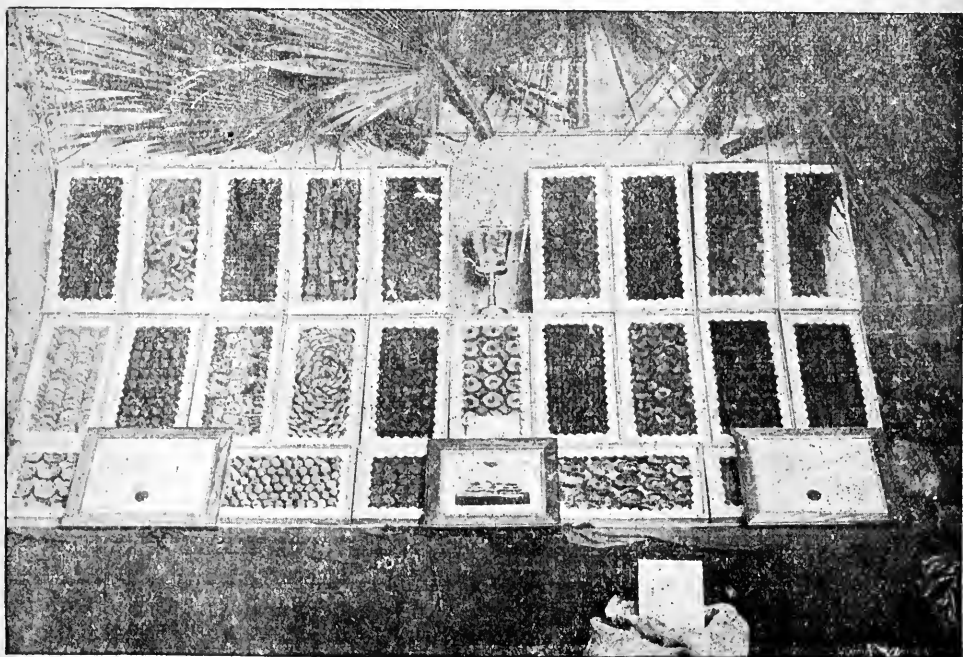
The first man who filled an old tub and then watered the cabbage patch in his back yard, was the father of irrigation. But the genius of man soon grew out of sprinkling cans. It saw mighty rivers running to waste in arid plains that for uncounted centuries had thirsted in sight of plenty. And it did not rest till it had laid its hands on these rivers; timidly at first, by a few ditches hacked into the banks; growing confident and bolder, by the greedy pumps which nowadays rob such an unfortunate river of half its contents, and force very avalanches of water through miles of concreted channels, far away from its accustomed course.

North America, the land of bold action, showed the way in using thus its magnificent rivers, for which humanity's gratitude is due. But there is merit also in following where others have led. And it is to the undying credit of the late Alfred Deakin that he was one of the first to realise the

tremendous importance of irrigation to his country. Alfred Deakin, one of the few great seers whom Australia has bred, preached the gospel of irrigation all his life. In 1885 he went to California, and induced two other seers—the Chaffey Brothers—to come to Victoria and start there one of the irrigation colonies which they had already proved successful at Etiwanda and Ontario.

That was the beginning of to-day's fame and usefulness of our River Murray. And whatsoever Australian looks with delight upon the green orchards and flourishing townlets which now cluster along that river for 200 miles, should remember gratefully the three men whose foresight and perseverance have wrung this garden from the wilderness—Alfred Deakin, George Chaffey and William B. Chaffey. Only the last-named is still in our midst—verily the G.O.M. of Mildura, honoured by all who have seen his life's work and know the man. The memory of Deakin sends a pang of vain regret through all true patriots who knew his worth,

Continued on page 663.)



MILDURA DRIED FRUITS.

The Deluge.

**A Thrilling Story of
the Great Outdoors.**

By James Oliver Curwood.

THE days just before the flood-rains found Swift Lightning, the wolf, with the heritage of dog, and Firefly, the beautiful young collie whose master was dead, and who had left the frozen-in ship of her master's people to accept Swift Lightning for her mate, south and west of Great Slave Lake, in the almost unknown country in the wide crook of the River du Rocher and the unnamed stream that empties into it from the east. They had travelled slowly. Days added themselves into weeks, and now Spring had come. Up the unnamed stream, which the Government itself had mapped only by dotted lines, they had found splendid hunting. It was the most beautiful country that Swift Lightning had ever seen, a broken country filled with great ridges, deep gullies, lakes and rivers, and wonderful forests. Sometimes the ridges were so high that they were almost like small mountains, and between them were mysterious valleys, and out of them ran thousands of little streams, all emptying into the unnamed river, which ran to the west.

Never had Swift Lightning seen grass so green and soft and so thick under his feet, and never had he smelled so many sweet things in the air. For the whole earth was bursting with the life and joy of Spring. Even in the shaded places, the snow was gone. The spruce and cedar and balsam were taking on a new sheen. The first of the early flowers were out. The poplar buds had grown overfat, and burst into tender leaf. Everywhere was the hum and the smell and the gladness of new life. On the green slopes of the ridges, where the sun had struck first, the black bears and their cubs came to feed. In the meadows between wandered moose and caribou. The lakes were alive with wild fowl, and the mating-songs of birds rose up

from the fens and thickets. And with all this there was a droning, musical sound in the air—a sound that seemed always of the same volume night and day—the rippling music of a thousand little streams of water running down the ridges and between the ridges and in the valleys.

Swift Lightning and Firefly loved to hunt along the unnamed river. It was one of those occasional streams of the Northland with a very wide channel and thousands of sand-bars. It was wild and picturesque, and gave great promise to the hunter. Its two shores were shelving, like the shores of a lake, and were of sand and pebbles and boulders. These wide, flat shores and the innumerable sand-bars had caught the driftage of many years—driftage that was bleached white as chalk and in many places ten or fifteen feet high. It was a shallow stream before the floods, so that more than once Swift Lightning and Firefly crossed it by wading or swimming through shallow water from sand-bar to sand-bar. For the great piles of bleached driftage held a fascination for them. They loved to climb over them and explore their mysteries.

At a point where the river rambled out over a shallow bed an eighth of a mile wide lay Kwahoo, the great drift. For a decade, the occasional Indian hunters who had wandered up and down had called it by that name. It lay anchored to a sand-bar in the middle of the river bed, and for many years had defied the rush of floods. It was a hundred feet long by twice as wide, and it had the appearance of having been built by an army of mighty carpenters especially to mock at the force of the waters. Hundreds of tree-trunks had jammed and interlaced themselves into its making, and they

were as white as the desert-bleached bones of a skeleton.

In the crimson light of a setting sun, Kwahoo, the giant drift, lay warmly basking one early evening when Swift Lightning and Firefly made their way to it. The water in this broad part of the stream was very shallow, and they hardly wet their shoulders on the way. The top of the drift, which was five or six feet above the level of the water, was even more attractive than the part of it which they had seen from the shore. So closely jammed were the smooth white logs that they were like a floor, and all that day they had been absorbing the warmth of the sun. At one end of it a number of logs had forced themselves upward by driving their butts into the river bed below, and had formed as nice a shelter for two as Swift Lightning and Firefly had ever found.

Until dark they wandered over the white floor of Kwahoo. This evening, the sun went out suddenly. Scarcely was it gone when there came from the far west the low rumbling of thunder, and, very soon after that, the far-away flashing of lightning. Swift Lightning sniffed the air and sensed the coming of the storm. Instinct, even though born at the edge of a frozen sea, urged him to go ashore, but at the first rumble of thunder, Firefly had buried herself in the far end of the shelter on the top of Kwahoo. Always she had been afraid of thunder and of lightning, and half a dozen times Swift Lightning ran back to her from the edge of the drift, urging her to come. In the growing darkness, Firefly's eyes glowed steadily, but she did not move. And, at last, Swift Lightning came in and flattened himself down beside her, with a whine of anxiety in his throat. Firefly, in response, drew a deep breath of relief, and rested her muzzle on his shoulder.

The storm descended swiftly on the forest world. It swept over Kwahoo in a lightning-flamed deluge, and as Firefly saw the ghostly bones of the drift in that vivid flare, she crept still closer

to Swift Lightning and hid her head behind him.

Up the river went the storm. The ten thousand little trickles among the ridges became suddenly so many racing rivulets, swelling the tiny water-courses in the coulees; and the water from these coulees flooded the channels of little streams, and these streams rushed boisterously into larger creeks, and the larger creeks emptied into the unnamed river. For an hour, the deluge fell, and then it quieted down into a steady, pouring rain. All night it kept on, and with morning it was still raining. It was not a hard rain now, but monotonously steady, and the sky was grey and thick.

Swift Lightning and Firefly went out early into the drizzle and over the slippery floor of Kwahoo to the river. It was not the gentle rippling sound of the day before that filled their ears now, but the swift and menacing rush of swelling waters. The warm yellow sand-bars over which they travelled yesterday had disappeared. Between them and the shore was a roaring torrent. They followed round all the sides of Kwahoo, and on all sides it was the same. They were caught in the beginning of the flood-water, and Kwahoo alone was their refuge.

With each hour after that, the river rose swiftly and steadily. Twice, that morning, the rain fell again in torrents, and by mid-afternoon the flood had risen within two feet of the top of the drift. The roar of it was deafening. In its mighty rush, Kwahoo rocked and trembled, but its deep and mysterious anchorage held it, as it had held it for many years past. Awed, and yet unterrified, Swift Lightning and Firefly watched the terrific spectacle. The forests and swamps and sand-bars were giving up their driftage, and a monster and varied procession of it swept by. Now and then a mass would strike Kwahoo, and the giant drift would shudder at the blow, but always it stood fast, battering the smaller driftage out into the stream.

(Continued on page 667.)



Lenin celebrated his fiftieth birthday in April.

The fee for British passports was recently raised to 7/6.

The tax on bachelors in the City of Montreal yielded only £20,000 last year.

Admiral Horthy was recently elected Administrator of the State of Hungary.

The Government Repair Works at Slough, in England, were sold for £3,350,000.

A valuable dog was carried from London to the Paris Dog Show recently in an aeroplane.

General Romanoffsky, General Deneke's Chief of Staff, was shot and killed in Constantinople recently.

The Ministry of Pensions is one of the largest in Great Britain. It now has a staff of no fewer than 23,212.

The recent local loan raised in Alsace-Lorraine yielded 500,000,000 francs—£20,000,000, at pre-war exchange.

The recent demands made by the railway men in Great Britain average an all-round advance of £1 per week in wages.

During the fifteen months ending March 31, thirty-one military men and police and five civilians were murdered in Ireland.

The British Ministry of Food cost £4,270,174 last year. Amongst the expenses was £40,000 for Peace Conference catering.

The London County Council is issuing a loan for £7,000,000 at 5½ per cent. Most of the money is to be devoted to housing.

Early in April the Italian Government issued an order to the effect that newspapers were, in future, to consist of two pages only.

The first woman deputy to be elected to the Hungarian Parliament is a school teacher. She secured her seat at a by-election.

No fewer than 27,251 people emigrated from the British Isles to Canada last year. Almost half of these settled in the province of Ontario.

The Belgian Government sent a contingent to support the French when they occupied Frankfurt. This was as a token of friendship, as in all only 500 men and a band were sent.

The well-known De Keyser's Hotel, on the Victoria Embankment, London, has been sold for £390,000. The Government in addition is paying £20,000 on account of dilapidations.

It was announced in the French Senate that French investments in Russia totalled in all 25,000,000,000 francs. Of this total, 14,000,000,000 francs were Russian State securities.

The Imperial War Museum is to find a home at the Crystal Palace. The cost of running the Museum is to be £20,000 a year, and the rent paid for the Palace is £25,000 per annum.

The Food Ministry in Great Britain ran seven national kitchens last year.

Six of these were run at a loss, but the profit made on the seventh not only covered these losses, but enabled a net gain of £250 to be shown on the whole business.

Lord Acton, who was appointed First British Minister to Finland, has given up this post. He is said to be the best German scholar in the United Kingdom, and the Government is anxious to take advantage of this in negotiations with Germany.

The French Government has presented Vimy Ridge, a portion of Bourbon Wood, and six other sites, to the Canadian Government, which intends to erect memorials there in commemoration of the valour shown by the Dominion troops.

It was stated at the National Immigration Conference, held in New York in May, that, owing to the shutting off of immigration during the war, the population of the United States was a million less than it would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Japanese shipping companies made enormous profits during the war. They received 888,000,000 yen (worth £111,000,000 at present) for the charter and freight services to Allies and neutrals to the end of 1918. Also they received £24,500,000 from sales of vessels.

There can be no racing at Budapest for the next three years, as the Communists ploughed up the great racecourse and converted it into market gardens. Shortly after, the Roumanians, who swept the country, carried off with them sixty of the most valuable stud racehorses in Hungary.

The new taxes on amusements in France are levied on a percentage basis; thus, theatres and concerts must pay 6 per cent. of their net receipts, music halls and popular sports 10 per cent., picture shows from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent., dancing halls, tea concerts, boxing and wrestling matches 25 per cent.

The "Indomitable," one of the first three battle cruisers built for the British Government, is now at Chatham

dockyard, where she will be sold. Her sister ship, the "Invincible," was sunk in the battle of Jutland. She is slightly smaller than the H.M.A.S. "Australias," but carried the same armament and has the same speed.

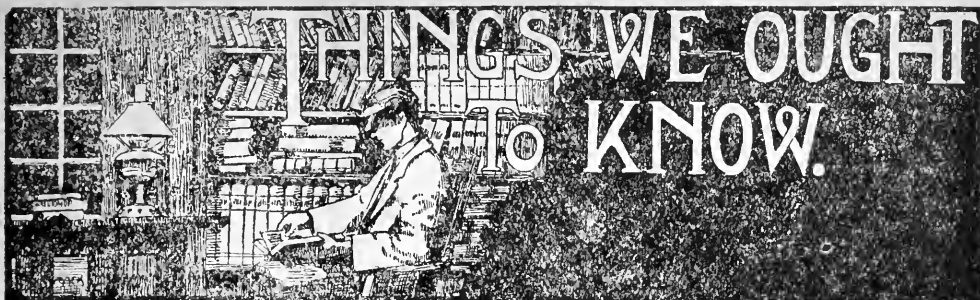
A Bachelor Tax was recently passed by the French Parliament, which increased the normal income tax by 25 per cent., and is levied on men and women alike who have passed their thirtieth year. Married people who have been married two years on January 1st of each fiscal year, and who have no children, are also liable.

Just before the close of the war the Indian Government voted £30,000,000 to the Imperial Government for war expenses. Of that sum £13,600,000 has been actually forwarded, but the remainder is to be drawn upon to meet the cost of the Afghan and frontier tribal wars, which cost India more than £14,000,000 in the first six months.

The wife of a British officer residing at Peshawar, India, in the absence of the husband, was carried off one night recently by a gang of Afridi ruffians. Police and military bodies set out in pursuit, and the Afridi chiefs called out a rescue party of 1000 men. The lady was rescued and brought to Jumrud within 36 hours. No ransom was paid.

The first Synod of the Diocesan Bishops of the Church of Wales was held in the ancient parish church overlooking the lake on the outskirts of the town of Llandrindod Wells. The place and the hour of meeting were secretly arranged, and the election of the first Archbishop took place in the early hours of the morning before the town was awake.

An agreement was concluded last month between German and American firms for the delivery to Germany of food stuffs to the value of 2,750,000,000 marks, the money to be paid in instalments stretching over two years. The agreement calls for the early delivery of wheat and meat, also for 400,000 cases of milk, 50,000 pigs, and 20,000 head of cattle.



Paris Using Stamps for Money.

The dearth of silver has become so severe in Paris that small traders have been using packages of postage stamps for small change. The shortage was originally caused by the increase in the value of silver as metal, or (what is the same thing) the depreciation of paper money, aggravated by the French proclivity for hoarding. All the efforts of the Government to counteract these tendencies by minting new coins and by seeking to prevent melting of coins and exportation of silver, have failed to check the disappearance. Now it is proposed that notes be issued for very small amounts, from 10 sou upwards. Financiers fear that this will lead to still further depreciation.

The Rising Cost of Food.

Though food in England now costs more than twice the pre-war price, it is still much cheaper there than on the Continent. The following table shows the comparative percentages of increase in prices from July, 1914, to March, 1920:—

Country	Increase
Britain	133 per cent.
Switzerland	137 "
Rome	175 "
Paris	190 "
French towns	201 "
Milan	318 "

A few typical products, with their respective increases of prices, are:—

	Britain	France	Italy
Beef	112	146	362
Bread	65	50	88
Sugar	300	433	233
Butter	148	242	296

Free Medical Service in Russia.

The medical profession has been nationalised by the Soviet Government. Treatment is free, whether at hospital, dispensary, or home. The most

difficult part to organise was the attendance upon the sick in their homes. But this has been achieved at least in some centres. In Moscow 68 doctors and 120 assistants are at the service of the people. In that city also the number of beds in the hospitals available for civilians has been increased by the Bolshevik administration from 3000 to 25,000. Education in hygienic principles is another phase of the Department's work, and its value is emphasised by the Health Commissar, Dr. Semashko. He claims to have had great success in engaging the co-operation of the people. Trade union leaders, teachers and others were organised to fight the typhus epidemic of 1918, chiefly by teaching and preaching cleanliness. Trade unions are considered most helpful agents of health. They are especially used in combating prostitution and venereal diseases. Dr. Semashko told Professor W. T. Goode that great good had come from including representatives of the Domestic Workers' Union in the committee dealing with these matters. In regard to general sanitation, much remains to be done before Russia can be brought even to the moderate standard prevailing in Western Europe.

Britain's Thanks to German Woman.

Dr. Elisabeth Rotten, of Berlin, came to England in 1915 on a mission on behalf of Allied prisoners in Germany and of German women and children in Britain. An outcry was raised against her, and she was compelled to leave the country at a few hours' notice. Recently she visited England again, and on this occasion the authorities expressed their appreciation of

all she had done for British people in Germany during the war. She had given her whole energies to the task of helping alien women and children and civilian prisoners. Dr. Higgins, of Manchester University, who was head of the Arts and Science Union at the Ruhleben Prison Camp, tells how, through her efforts, the men in camp were supplied with scientific apparatus to the value of £1000, besides hundreds of books and materials for handicrafts, and how, too, she got permission for him to make a weekly journey to Berlin to keep her informed of the camp's needs. At first Dr. Rotten worked independently of the committee of the Society of Friends which was helping Germans and Austrians in England, but latterly the two bodies co-operated as far as possible. Dr. Rotten is now in charge of the educational branch of the German League of Nations Union.

Where Old Uniforms Go.

What becomes of the hundreds of thousands of cast-off uniforms left with the British Army authorities? According to a Whitechapel dealer, some go to Eastern Europe, some to Africa, some to India and Japan. In the distressed districts of Russia, the Balkans and Poland, there is a keen demand for the warm blankets and woollen clothing no longer wanted for war use. The material in these is much superior to most of what has been manufactured for civilians of late. African natives are not enamoured of the drab colours of present-day uniforms, but they purchase khaki tunics in goodly numbers. Kilts they consider in excellent form, but they have no liking for the trousers, so these are sold mostly to miners and navvies in Britain. Thousands of uniforms go to the colder districts of India for the natives' use. To Japan also there is a considerable sale, and the Whitechapel man suspects that the cast-offs are cut down to the smaller measure of the Japanese "Tommy."

Plight of Germany's Children.

Over 1,000,000 children in the great cities of Germany are reported ill from under-nourishment. Of these there are 200,633 afflicted with tuberculosis—a

disease from which the very young are usually immune. The total child population of the great cities is 3,384,000, so that more than one-fourth are diseased through starvation. Latterly, conditions in many German districts have become worse than in Austria, and it was stated by officers of the Save-the-Children Fund in March that of children alone 2,500,000 in Germany were condemned to death or life-long disease, unless conditions could be quickly improved. The relief workers were aiming to provide each destitute child with a free meal each day, but in Leipzig they had to leave out 27,000 children who were known to be under-nourished. The cost of the free meals is 2/- per week for each child.

Forced Labour in East Africa.

Two Bishops and a missionary have made public protest against a new administrative order which, they say, introduces forced labour into British East Africa. The white settlers have been finding difficulty in engaging native workers. The wages offered are from 3d. to 4d. per day. The natives prefer to work for themselves on the reservations, even though the land may be inferior. It became evident that some inducement above the 4d. per day was needed, and the Governor and Chief Native Commissioner sought to meet the need. They instructed the District Commissioners to apply "inducements" through the native chiefs, who were to be informed that it was "part of their duty to advise and encourage all unemployed young men in the areas under their jurisdiction to go out and work on plantations." Those chiefs who were not helpful in this direction were to be reported to the Governor. The three clergymen who have protested against this new order—the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda and Dr. Arthur of Kikuyu—assert that, while technically, there is no compulsion, "practically compulsion could hardly take a stronger form." The chiefs, in fear of the Government's displeasure, will order labourers to go out to the plantations. The "advice" and "encouragement" they will use will really be tribal compulsion.

France and Britain Drift Apart.

THE "PEACE" CRISIS IN EUROPE.

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS.

We realise but dimly in Australia what is going on in Europe. Fail almost completely to grasp the fact that the Allies, united to defeat and despoil Germany, are no longer the close friends they were; have, indeed, already drifted apart. Our general attitude is that we have little concern in occurrences on the other side of the world, and, in any case, where differences arise, Great Britain, as always, must be right, and the others must be wrong. I have endeavoured, in earlier numbers, to give my readers warning as to what was likely to happen, and have indicated why it seemed to me that within a few months we would be regarding the French even more askance than we did the Americans before 1917. In the following article, which appeared in *The American Review of Reviews*, Mr. Frank H. Simonds puts the position with lucidity and clearness. From across the Atlantic he has a better perspective than other equally well-informed writers in England and France, whose vision is clouded by local influences. He wrote before the conferences of San Remo and Hythe, but, unfortunately, the drifting apart he chronicles was apparently not arrested by the discussions between statesmen at these gatherings.

With the current month we have arrived at the first anniversary of the formulation and presentation to the Germans of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The moment is, therefore, appropriate for a backward look, and such a look is the more suitable since there has just arrived the first great crisis under the Treaty, the crisis which raises the question as to whether the Treaty will survive the first anniversary, or be relegated to that waste-paper basket which has received so many solemn covenants, become "scraps of paper."

In the precipitation of this crisis two circumstances have played a major part, namely, the refusal of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, and the similar refusal of the British to associate themselves with the French in applying it. The consequence has been to imperil that alliance which defeated Germany, to eliminate America from Europe, and to impel the British on a course which leads to a similar withdrawal from the Continent. To-day France, loyally but not impressively aided by Belgium, stands where she stood in July, 1914, face to face with a hostile Germany, but lacking, this time, the powerful assurance of a Russian alliance.

What, then, is the cause of this strange transformation, this incipient disintegration of the association of

Powers, called the Entente, whose structure was cemented by the blood of common victories and defeats, and dignified by the aspirations it represented for millions of men and women, aspirations which looked toward the destruction of the German military power, and the vindication of the doctrines which we in the West called by the name of democracy?

Truly such a disintegration would be comprehensible had the German task been accomplished. Alliances rarely survive the realisation of the ends for which they were made. But has the German task been accomplished? Obviously not, since the German army remains in the hands of the old order, and through the German army the old order continues to control the German Government, although instead of a Kaiser, we have an Ebert, and instead of a Bethmann-Hollweg, we have had a Bauer, and have a Mueller.

What, then, is the cause of the approximate collapse of the alliance of Western nations? Manifestly, the differences which were first disclosed at Paris, when the Peace Conference assembled, and have steadily grown with each succeeding week and month. At Paris, America, Britain, Italy and France, from the very outset pursued different objectives, while the domestic political conditions in each country presently enforced a complete

subordination of foreign policy to domestic and parochial, even personal political considerations.

At Paris, Mr. Wilson proposed peace under the Fourteen Points. To his mind this peace would be one of conciliation, provided only the principles he advocated were adopted, and provided there should be created a League of Nations to administer the peace terms. Before accepting this platform of Mr. Wilson, the British amended it in such a fashion that no principle would or could interfere with the obtaining of what the British regarded as their legitimate rewards for their sacrifices in the war, namely, the destruction of the German war fleet, the seizure of the German merchant marine, and the possession of the German colonies.

Mr. Wilson accepted all these conditions, and then, assured of British support, undertook to compel the Continental nations to modify their claims, which never reached the real magnitude of the British. The result was initial chaos, presently partially restricted by a series of compromises. Subjected to British and American pressure, the French consented to modify their own programme of security, provided France were assured the aid of Britain and America in case of a German attack. Italy simply left the Peace Conference. Japan obtained her will by threatening to leave.

Thus, in effect, Britain obtained her maximum demands without difficulty, thanks to American consent. America obtained what she desired (what the President desired), which was the chance to impose an American solution on the Peace Conference. Japan realised her demands by virtue of her threat. Italy quit the Peace Conference altogether, and declined to subject her claims to outside reduction. Only the French stayed, submitting to the exactions of the British and the Americans, and taking in exchange the guarantee of the President and Lloyd George that their nations would come to the aid of France in case of a fresh German aggression.

But at the very outset it was clear that, having allowed her allies to reduce her claims, although they maintained their own in full vigour, France would be

bound to insist that she receive all of her restricted share. Above all, since the French view of what was necessary for French security had been rather rudely dealt with, the French were bound to look to the Anglo-French insurance as of utmost importance. Therefore, when the United States Senate formally, and on two occasions rejected the Treaty of Versailles, while failing even to consider the Anglo-French Treaty, the French were brought to the realisation that they had made concessions only to find that they would have no guarantee of their safety.

France was thus, by the course of events in America, brought to the grim realisation that she must stand alone again, and Germany would have to fear no certainty of Allied intervention if she chose to renew the age-long contest along the Rhine. Thus France would be in a far worse situation than she faced in 1914, for then she had a sure Russian ally, and a well-founded basis of hope alike for British aid, and benevolent neutrality on the Italian side. To put the thing bluntly, Britain and America had persuaded France to lay aside certain precautions, on the assurance that French armies would be supported by American and British; but having made her sacrifices, France saw promptly that there was no guarantee that the promised support would arrive.

The situation in France has become the decisive circumstance of the present crisis, and therefore it is essential to recognise its real origins. They go back to the Peace Conference. They arise from the policy of President Wilson, in seeking a peace upon conditions formulated by himself and accepted by the British, aside from those reservations made before the Armistice, and affecting "the freedom of the seas." In effect, Britain and America promised to go on Germany's note, provided France would not insist upon immediate and extreme payment; but the United States having so far failed to honour Mr. Wilson's signature, Lloyd George's had no value, save if that of Mr. Wilson were honoured by his own country. The French situation is obvious.

But if the refusal of the United States to perform its part, as promised by the

President, deprived the French of the guarantees for security which they had sought justly in the Peace settlement, the course of the British had an equally fatal consequence. Almost from the outset of the Peace negotiations there was a party in England which looked to a settlement which should spare the Germans, even though France and the rest of Britain's allies were sacrificed.

This group belonged to two extremes, the idealists, and the materialists. The idealists conceived that if Germany were not punished, if the Peace terms were made sufficiently light, Germany would harbour no desire for revenge, and would no longer be a menace to world peace. The materialists on the contrary cared nothing for Utopian considerations. They saw in Germany the best customer left in the world. They saw in Germany, fallen into disorder, the gravest obstacle to a restoration of trade, not alone in Germany, but also in Central Europe.

But by an odd coincidence, the actual desires of these two widely divergent groups were the same. Both desired favourable terms for Germany, and both were hostile to France, because France, as a result of her sufferings and losses in the war, sought large reparations, and as a consequence of her history, demanded guarantees for her future protection. The result was a considerable British campaign for reducing the bill which was to be tendered to Germany at Versailles.

When the bill actually tendered became known, then these same groups in Britain burst into full-throated denunciation of the Treaty, of the French, of their own Government, and of President Wilson. Then followed, as a logical extension, a demand for the modification of the Treaty, as it had been agreed upon—a modification which, in effect, amounted to a demand that France should abandon the more considerable portion of her claims for reparation and security, and that the United States, by consenting to cancel the debts due it from the Allied nations, should actually reduce the German burden by £2,000,000,000.

The most striking exposition of this view was made by Keynes, in his notable

book. Keynes' proposal was that the United States should pay in money, the French in money and in security, while the Poles and all the other small races were to make equally great sacrifices. Only the British were to be permitted to keep their share, viz.: the colonies and the merchant marine—the naval marine being already under water. These modifications would accomplish two things: (1) they would placate the German, (2) they would insure the prompt restoration of German industry, and thus open the German markets to the British. The idealists claimed that this was a step toward world peace and conciliation. The materialists argued it was the one escape from Bolshevism, economic ruin, the destruction of Western civilisation.

But note the effect of the proposed policy. France, already deprived of security by the American course, was now to be deprived of reparation for her terrible devastations. Actually, the costs of the German war were to be apportioned between the French and the Americans, one to pay by the cancellation of the Allied loans, the other by the surrender of liens on German mines, and claims upon Germany for reparation. As may be gathered, this proposal found great support in Britain, for it served British interests in every kind of way.

But it was equally inevitable that it should find less support in the United States, where the proposal to cancel debts met with amazed silence or contemptuous disregard, and in France, where the reduction of French claims for reparation spelled national ruin. As a consequence there were carried on in Britain two kinds of propaganda, attack upon the United States as mercenary, upon France as militaristic. This campaign was ignored, practically unperceived, in America, but in France, its full significance was promptly appreciated.

Thus, in less than a year, France found herself deprived of all pledges for military support, and faced by an aggressive attack in the matter of reparations, an attack coming from an ally who had profited far more and suffered far less than France in the war. Henceforth, France felt that she would be compelled to defend the Treaty of Versailles,

so far as her interests were concerned, not alone from German assault, but also from British attack. That part of the Treaty which insured security was gone, as a result of American action. That part which promised reparation was in danger as a consequence of British attack. What this situation would mean to the Germans the French clearly perceived. In this emergency France went through an election, the result of which was to disclose an almost unanimous national will to save the Treaty, to preserve French interests in the document, and to resist British attempts to amend it to the advantage of Britain and Germany alike.

Mr. Simonds then gives a brief summary of the events which led up to the Kapp *coup d'état*, and the sending of German troops into the Ruhr district. He insists that France, under the circumstances, had no option but to meet the German challenge by immediate action, or give up all hope of ever enforcing the provisions of the Treaty, which gave her the minimum protection she needed. The Germans, he holds, were surprised at the French occupation of Frankfort, but the whole business "resulted in the public disclosure, in baffling fashion, of a schism in the *Entente*." He then continues.

There remains the single question: What for the future would be the consequences of any actual collapse of the *Entente*? It is quite clear at the outset that a break between France and Britain, if it is absolute, destroys the last remaining prospect of a rescue for the League of Nations. The United States and Great Britain, isolated from the Continent, and necessarily separated from each other, as a consequence would cease to exercise any control or influence upon Continental affairs. Any association of nations in the sense in which we talked a year ago would disappear.

In the second place, the German militarists in control of Germany to-day, having with the approval of America and Britain used their strength to crush all opposition within Germany, would find themselves masters of the German structure as completely as before 1914.

It would be for them to decide in what direction to pursue their familiar ends, whether to go east and south, demolishing Poland, and absorbing the fragments of the old Hapsburg Empire, or west, and crush France.

There never was, and there does not exist, any hope of eliminating militaristic control in Germany, save through a continued association of the Western nations to that common end. But the association has been endangered, while the German army remains under the control of the Ludendorffs, and their kind, and the German Government remains at the mercy of the army. The real opponents of German militarism within Germany have once more been treated to the spectacle of Western nations consenting to their destruction at the hands of the militaristic element, because the western nations do not understand German conditions, and are more interested in German trade than in German deliverance.

Conceivably the gravity of the crisis which has now arisen will have its sobering effect in England. On the other hand, there is no blinking the fact that Lloyd George has embarked upon a policy which, if pursued, leads straight to the complete rupture with France.

French policy will not, and cannot change, because the mass of the French people are satisfied that further yielding to Germany, even on British demand, spells ruin. France will strive with such strength as she has, and it is considerable, to enforce the Treaty, which the British and American representatives, together with the French, accepted, but which the American Senate has rejected, and the British Prime Minister has seemed to France to ignore.

German policy, by contrast, will follow exactly the opposite policy. So long as the Germans do not feel able to challenge France in a new war, Germany will pursue a policy of evasion, adapted to catching British support, hampering French recovery, but just missing actual warfare. To-day it is a question of disarmament; and Germany has proposed a postponement. France will insist upon compliance with the Treaty, but the British may demur. Then France will have

to use force, or consent that Germany stay armed.

To-morrow there will be a question of money payments for reparation. Again Germany will protest; again there will be considerable support for Germany in Britain. Once more the thing will take the natural course.

Under the terms of the Treaty, France was to evacuate the occupied regions within a fixed period, provided that Germany complied with the terms of the Treaty. But if Germany evades, France can, and doubtless will, continue to occupy German territory, and to extend the occupation, if the evasions continue. But this means only a multiplication of incidents, of collisions, of disputes. Always, moreover, one of these disputes can lead to a new war, unless France takes rigorous measures to render Germany helpless. And such measures would provoke British and Italian, and even American protests, not impossibly. A new war might easily involve all of the world again, because no man can measure the extent of an international disturbance.

Outside of an agreement between France and her Allies of the past, to enforce the Treaty, or to modify it, there is no conceivable escape from the vicious situation of the present hour. But for France the present Treaty represents the minimum of justice and security, the least France can accept and be safe and solvent. Therefore, French assent to modification is impossible. But particularly in the case of the British there is more and more acceptance of the view that the Treaty must be modified. Neither Britain nor America has any material interest in further application of the Treaty. America has lost interest; Britain seems unwilling to incur risks and expenses, which will only give benefits to France.

As for Italy, she broke with France last year at Paris, when Clemenceau fol-

lowed Wilson instead of Orlando in the matter of Fiume. She has not forgiven, and will not forgive, what she regards as a desertion of an ally by France. She is rejoiced now to see France in the same position she felt that she occupied at Paris. Beyond this, she would welcome a German renaissance, whatever militaristic circumstances attended it, which would menace the Slav states, erected by the Treaty of Versailles, in the pathway of her own interests, and diminish French influence, enlisted on behalf of the Slav states, and of Greece, whose lands Italy occupies in part.

What has arrived is nothing new. It is the last phase in every world conflict—in every general war. Victory attained, the immediate menace eliminated, the common peril abolished, the several allies find themselves no longer united in a common cause, but divided by different, and even by conflicting, interests. Germany remains a peril for France and Belgium; but Germany without a fleet is not a menace to Britain or to America. As for Italy, her immediate danger disappeared when Austria-Hungary collapsed; and only the Austrian issue separated her from a natural alliance with Germany.

The result is the threatened dispersion of the alliance in almost the same fashion as the alliance which conquered Napoleon collapsed a century ago. The real difference between the two situations lies in the fact that while Napoleon was left on St. Helena, the Napoleonic circumstance in Germany, namely, the military group, remains in control of the army, and dominates the government. In this lies the peril of the present hour, and the true misfortune of what must be regarded as a premature, if inevitable, crumbling of the association which won the military phase of the German war, but measurably failed to translate its victory into effective peace.

OURSELVES ALONE.

It is surprising how little we really know of what is going on in Ireland. We hear, in this country, only what is allowed to appear in Great Britain on this subject, but we know from American

journals, and from people who have visited Ireland, that all sorts of things are going on there, about which no whisper reaches the rest of the British Empire. One naturally welcomes, there-

fore, any new information on the subject, and Mr. Shaw Desmond's article in *The London Magazine*, concerning the plans of the Sinn Feiners, will undoubtedly be most popular. At the same time, the things he says are so startling that one cannot but wonder whether he is accurately informed. He declares, for instance, that the republican army consists of between 200,000 and 300,000 men, and that it can be brought up to 400,000 or more, if necessary.

The organisation of the army is absolutely modern. It is divided into county brigades, all with commanders, and full staffs, there being a brigadier for each county, and the county feeling being exploited to the utmost; each county competing against its neighbour in efficiency. In each of these brigades there are about 15,000 men, which are again divided into battalions of about 2000, these being divided into double companies of about 400 to each company, which have replaced the original single company.

"There are," he says, "complete units of technical recruits, including engineers, and a transport service, whilst the discipline and keenness of the soldiers of the Irish Republic are extraordinary." He maintains that they have been thoroughly trained by men who have fought in the war, and learned its lessons. According to him, Sinn Fein is relying on the fact that a first-class soldier can be made in six months or less. Amongst the commanders of this army are officers who have been decorated for service on the West Front. The army has one of the most perfect ambulance corps in existence. Nurses from the West Front have organised it upon the lines of the Allied armies.

There is an idea prevalent that Ulster contributed the great mass of the Irish soldiers to the West Front. This is not so. The official figures are that the enlistments from 1914 to 1917 were, for Ulster, 58,438, and for the rest of Ireland, 65,147. As one half of the Ulstermen enlisting were Nationalists—half of Ulster has always been Nationalist—this means about three Nationalist recruits enlisted for each one Unionist recruit. It has been asked why these Sinn Feiners fought for England. The reply given to me is that they did so because they believed that the war was one for the protection of small nationalities like Belgium. The case of Ireland, they say, has embittered them. They expected the war would bring independence.

Mr. Desmond declares that the Irish armies are well supplied with all kinds of ammunition. They have enough car-

tridges for rifle and automatic pistol to last from three to six months, and have a big supply of hand grenades and bombs.

The source is partly outside and partly inside, and the getting of these arms is a romance in itself in what is one of the most amazing adventures of our times. Scarcely a sun rises and sets that does not see a gun-running in remote districts, only a minimum of the cases coming to the ears of the authorities, or being published. Some of these runnings represent hundreds of rifles, and they are brought in in all conceivable ways. In some instances the Royal Irish Constables and soldiers are actually being used as the innocent and unconscious carriers! No smugglers in the "preventive" days ever showed a fraction of the Sinn Fein ingenuity. Sinn Fein does not talk much about the sources of supply, but, although not spoken of, they can be guessed.

The contraband weapons and ammunition appear to come chiefly from America and from Birmingham, but much is obtained from the British Government itself. The Sinn Feiners are constantly raiding places where ammunition can be obtained, but this part of their activities is never allowed to get into the papers.

And here is a point which may have far-reaching results. The Government has in Ireland vast quantities of war material. At certain hours of the day, most of the soldiers and officers are away from barracks, leaving only weak guards behind. Sinn Fein, through its Intelligence Department, knows everything that goes on. "Nobody can bat an eyelid," as a Sinn Feiner said, "without we know it beforehand!" Some day the British garrisons in Ireland may wake up to find themselves disarmed in a universal raid, and their ammunition and weapons vanished into the Irish landscape.

Mr. Desmond gives various instances of Sinn Fein methods, and states that at the enquiry into the Easter rebellion, it came out that the Irish volunteers were walking through Dublin streets with rifles, either taken from British soldiers, or exchanged by them for food. "This exchange goes on to-day," he says; "the soldiers are punished, but the arms are not recovered." The Sinn Feiners have no heavy guns, machine guns, aeroplanes or tanks. They declare, however, that all these weapons need massed targets, and frontal attacks, to make them effective.

In the war that is coming, guerilla tactics, characterised by extreme mobility, will be employed. No trenches will be dug. The rifle

and the hand-grenade, with the automatic pistol (the last of which Sinn Fein has in large quantities), will apparently be the chief weapons employed. What Sinn Feiners are relying upon is (1) the fact that they know every inch of the fighting ground; (2) that they will have every man, woman and child with them, and an unsurpassable secret service; and (3) that Ireland's time for rising will not be England's.

If, however, they find that they need aeroplanes, they intend to get them from the English aerodromes, and, in any case, it is easier to fly an aeroplane into Ireland than to import a big gun. He mentions, by the way, that during the rising in 1916, only 746 men took an armed part against the English, yet these 746 held Dublin for eight days against the overwhelming regular forces of law and order. This fact has greatly encouraged the Sinn Feiners, according to Mr. Desmond, in their plans for armed rebellion. He tells how, some time ago, they boarded a craft of the British Government, overpowered the crew, and seized their arms. Similar feats will be repeated again, and some day the papers may bring us strange surprises.

Drilling of these forces goes on literally by day and night in the mountains, fields, etc. Technical articles upon military tactics are being circulated secretly and studied by hundreds of thousands of young men. Those that appeared in the *Irish Volunteer* were considered "extremely able" by the British military authorities, whilst the fight at Ashburn, in which a Volunteer minority defeated a heavy "Regular" majority, is regarded as an illustration of the way the Irish army is learning its lessons.

The Sinn Feiners have one of the finest secret services in the world, and there appears to be no doubt that many of the detectives employed by the British

Government are actually Sinn Feiners, and this enables them to forestall Dublin Castle at every point.

It may here be said that not only does the Sinn Fein Secret Service know where every machine-gun, tank and aeroplane of their opponents is, but they make a special psychological study of every British officer, especially if he be a commanding officer, his strength and weaknesses. They take no chances. Sinn Fein at the time of writing, instead of being suppressed, is supreme. It is not too much to say that its intelligence department is so superior to that of Dublin Castle that every order made by the Government is anticipated and eluded—a point that holds good for the most desolate region in the west, as for Dublin itself.

In order to hold Ireland down, an army of from 60,000 to 100,000 soldiers is being used to-day. In addition there are 11,000 police, the cost of the latter being £3,387,233 per annum. The cost of the army was stated by Mr. Churchill to be over £10,000,000 per annum. Mr. Desmond states that the Sinn Feiners rely greatly upon the help of America, and anticipate that once they have freed themselves from the English yoke, the United States will recognise them, and other nations will then speedily follow suit. The emphatic decision of the Republican Convention in Chicago not to have anything to do with Ireland must have dashed the hopes of Sinn Fein. Mr. Desmond concludes his startling article as follows:—

The writer will venture to make a double prophecy. First, an Irish Republic will be declared, and, second, one of its first steps will be a proposal for an offensive and defensive alliance with England. That is a forecast, not taken from the imagination, but based on solid fact. Ireland will yet be England's best friend.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN RUSSIA.

Many wild statements have been made concerning the attitude of the Bolsheviks towards marriage. Although again and again refuted, the report that it was one of the Bolshevik principles to nationalise women, is still very widely believed. Those who believe it ought to read the documents which are published in *The Contemporary Review*, about the Soviet law of marriage, and the family. The code of laws consists of 246 articles, and the fundamental principles of Bolshevism are clearly defined therein. The

Soviet marriage law is "not only a means of counteracting clerical religious influences upon the people, it is revolutionary and Socialistic."

It not only breaks abruptly with the old regime of our pre-bourgeois matrimonial relations: It sweeps away all the patriarchal and feudal hindrances to marriage—differences of religion between the man and woman, religious prohibitions to the contraction of marriage, etc. It establishes complete equality between man and woman, in so far as this depends upon the provision of the marriage law.

The underlying principle of the code is that the family is based not upon marriage, but upon actual parentage. Complete freedom of divorce is established. In the preface to the code, the editor of the Law Bureau in Russia points out that, during the first year of the Russian Soviet Republic, the Government had been obliged to devote its whole strength to repel unexampled attacks of the utmost fury from within and without.

Nevertheless, while sustaining this fierce defensive struggle against a whole world of enemies, the Russian proletariat has also found enough strength for the work of creative construction in the direction of the realisation of Socialism. During this short period so much has been done, far more than other classes have succeeded in doing under far more favourable conditions in the course of years and years. One has only to glance through the "Collection of Laws of the Workers and Peasants' Government," in order to convince oneself of this with astonishment and joy. So much has been done during these few months that it is already possible to unify the material scattered in various decrees, to fill in blanks, to extract the Socialist and revolutionary principles, to develop them, and to establish a more or less systematic and complete correlation between them, to edit codes, systematised books of laws of the Russian Socialist Federated Republic of Soviets, not, it is true, Socialist laws, for in an established Socialist society, laws will be superfluous, but laws paving and tracing out the road to Socialism.

He points out, further, that as Russia is still in the process of transition from a Capitalist to a completely Socialist state of society, the codes cannot have the same rocklike fixity which distinguished ancient collections of codes.

If the Socialist order were already definitely established among us, we ought to substitute for the care of children by their relatives their care by society, without exception. But we live in a transition period. We have not got Socialism in a perfected form. That is why we are led to make use of transitional measures, but of such a kind that they may serve as a foundation for universal care by the social community of those who have not yet attained the normal capacity for work, or for those who have lost it. So long as the individual family exists, children in the care of their relatives are not as a general rule placed under public guardianship (with the exception of compulsory education, and other provisions of the same kind).

But, on the other hand, all children who are deprived of the care of their family, without regard to their possession of property, to their wealth or poverty, are placed under guardianship, under the care of the Public State Institutions, the Bureaux of Social Wel-

fare. These institutions exercise such guardianship, and take all the measures appertaining to guardianship, preferable without the intervention of agents, and may, only in special cases, entrust their duties to individual persons, appointing them guardians either of single wards, or of whole groups of wards.

Consequently, guardianship is so organised and established that it can be preserved, even in a definitely established Socialist society, on a broader basis, that is to say, functioning for the benefit not of some, but of all, the persons who need the care of the social community.

With regard to the insistence by the Soviets of the registration of marriages, he says that in a true Socialistic society, such registration would not be necessary, but we live in a period of transition, and it is just here that it becomes plain, as we said above, that the desire to take a direct leap into the future, which at first sight, seems to be a radical step, proves to be a marking time on the same spot, or a leap backwards. The clauses relating to parentage are particularly interesting.

Children not born in matrimony shall have the same rights as children born to persons whose marriage has been registered. . . . An unmarried pregnant woman shall make a declaration at the registry office not later than three months before the birth of the child, indicating the date of conception, the name and domicile of the child's father. . . . A married woman may make a like declaration if the father of the child conceived is not her registered husband. . . . The registrar shall advise the person named in the declaration as the father, and the said person shall have the right, within two weeks of the day upon which he receives the notice, to initiate an action for the nullification of the mother's declaration. Failure to dispute the declaration within the stated period shall be equivalent to the recognition of the child as his. . . . If it shall be established that the connection of the person indicated with the mother of the child was such, that in the natural course of things that person would be the father of the child, the tribunal shall pronounce judgment, recognising that person as the father, and at the same time shall decree that he shall bear a share of all expenditure caused by pregnancy, confinement, birth and maintenance of the child. . . . Children whose parents are not united in registered marriage may bear the name of their father, or their mother, and their united names. The names of such children shall be established by agreement between the parents, and failing such agreement, by the tribunal. . . . Parents shall make personal provision for their children, and for their education and training for useful employment. For male children until the age of eighteen years, for female children until the age of sixteen years.

In April, 1918, the Bolsheviks completely abolished the right of inheritance. "This deals a mortal blow at the Institution of private property. It ceased to be something eternal in conception, passing from one generation to another, from one family to another, according to the principles of individual right."

Private property is transformed, at most, into a life interest; the property remains attached to a particular person, at most, for his lifetime, and no longer. But after the death of each individual owner, it becomes the property, not of the individual, but of a community—of the proletarian State. By means of this abolition of the right of private inheritance, we suspend a sword of Damocles above the institution of private property, giving it a short duration and an importance only relative. That is why this abolition of the right of inheritance should have an exceedingly important, social and psychological, educative influence on Socialist labours, it should contribute very largely to destroy the instincts of individual ownership.

The editor points out that since the promulgation of the law decreeing the abolition of inheritance, the property of deceased persons in totality, and of all

kinds becomes the property of the Russian Socialistic Federal Republic of Soviets. Small patrimonies, however, up to 1000 roubles are not thus vested in the State, but the administration and the free disposition of these passes to certain relatives of the deceased. The State ignores these little patrimonies, as the administration of this would involve great labour and expense.

But in abolishing the right of private inheritance we could not fail to consider the fact that at the present time the individualistic family still exists, that at present the free education of children by the community has no place in actual fact, and that at present we have not realised in fact the guarantee by society of the needs of all its disabled and necessitous members. That is why, pending the realisation of all the measures of social insurance indicated above, we have preserved a sort of substitute for insurance, casual, imperfect, individual, drawn from the patrimony of the deceased, for the nearest relatives, and for the husband or wife, when disabled and necessitous. Further, insurance is granted to a much larger circle of persons, and with much greater certainty, than under the old laws of succession.

RESTORING THE BISON HERDS.

No animal has excited a greater amount of sentimental interest than the bison. The harrowing story of this sadly maltreated beast has often been told. The cheerful epilogue of the story has but lately come to light, and an interesting version of it is presented in *Natural History*, by Mr. C. Gordon Hewitt, who, as consulting zoologist to the Canadian Government's Commission of Conservation, has taken an active part in the events that he records. Mr. Hewitt writes under the title, "The Return of the Bison."

Thanks to the protection accorded the bison, in the nick of time, by official and unofficial agencies in the United States and Canada, the race is no longer in danger of extinction, but is, on the contrary, increasing at a rapid rate. The story, in a nutshell, is told in the caption of one of the excellent photographs with which the author of the article above mentioned has illustrated his text. We read:

Probably no large quadruped has ever developed in such prodigious numbers as did the American bison in the days of its glory. The Central Plains, literally black with these huge

oxen, supported countless millions which, except for a small tribute to the Indians and the wolves, roamed undisturbed. Even as late as 1871 there was observed migrating across the southern plains a single wedge-shaped herd on a twenty-five mile front, with a depth of fifty miles. Such a drove could contain no fewer than 4,000,000 head. But of former myriads there were left in 1889 only about 600 wild bison over the entire continent. From this small nucleus several herds were recruited, of which the largest is now in Buffalo Park, Alberta, Canada.

George Catlin, the painter of Western life, writing in 1841, placed the annual slaughter of bison at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 per annum, and prophesied the extermination of the species within eight or ten years.

The death knell was struck when the construction of the Union Pacific Railway was begun at Omaha in 1866. Previous to the advent of the first transcontinental railway the difficulties of marketing the results of the slaughter served as a slight check on the rate of extermination, for, although the bison were being killed out at a rate greatly in excess of their natural increase, they would have existed for some years longer than the coming of the railroads and additional swarms of white hunters rendered possible.

This railway divided the bison into southern and northern herds, of which

the former, the larger of the two, was completely wiped out by 1875. The northern herd, ranging far up into the wilds of Canada, was not so easily destroyed, though the building of the Northern Pacific Railway hastened the process of extermination. From the remnants of this herd the reconstitution of the race has been effected. Mr. Hewitt writes:

There came finally a brighter period in the history of the bison in America. In 1889, when they had reached their lowest level, there were only 256 buffalo in captivity, 200 protected by the United States Government in the Yellowstone Park, and 635 running wild, of which number 550 were estimated to be in the Athabaska region of the Canadian North-west Territories; the whole bison population at that time was estimated to be 1091 head. An attempt was now made in the United States to protect the remnant, and by 1903, according to the census of the American Bison Society, they had increased to 1753 head. These were chiefly confined in the national reservations and parks of the United States Government; some were owned by private individuals. The largest private owner appears to have been Michael Pablo, of Montana, who had a herd of about 700 animals in 1906, the value of which he fully appreciated.

In 1907 the Canadian Government learned that the Pablo herd was for sale, and with commendable foresight, purchased it, realising the importance of acquiring so valuable a herd of what had formerly been the most abundant of our large, native mammals. For its reception and maintenance a special national park was established at Wainwright, in Alberta. This reservation covers an area of about 160 square miles, the whole of which is enclosed in a special wire fence, about seventy-six miles in length. Judging by the abundance of old bison wallows it evidently formed a favourite place for bison in years gone by. Several lakes, the largest of which is Jamieson Lake, about seven miles long, provide an ample water supply. The difficulties involved in the capture of the Pablo herd of bison, and the transportation of the animals to the Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alberta, can better be imagined than described. From the date of the receipt of the last animals in 1909 they have increased steadily each year until in 1918 they numbered 3711 head,

or more than three times the total number of bison known to be living in North America in 1889.

The United States Government also took steps to protect and increase the herds of bison remaining. A national bison range was established in Montana; and in the Yellowstone National Park, and other national reservations, the bison were carefully protected, with successful results.

There are now eight herds protected by the United States Government, comprising altogether 891 animals. The largest number is contained in the Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, where there were on January 1, 1919, 457 animals. In the Montana National Bison Range there were 242 animals on the same date, and the third largest herd is to be found in the Wichita National Forest and Game Reserve in Oklahoma, where there are about 100 bison.

The total number of captive bison in the United States in January, 1919, according to a statement kindly furnished to me by Mr. M. S. Garretson, secretary of the American Bison Society, was 3048 head. It is estimated that there are also about seventy wild bison, making a total of about 3118 bison in the United States. . . . The total number of bison in Canada at the beginning of 1919 was about 4250 animals.

From the above estimates it will be seen that we have now approximately 7360 bison in the United States and Canada, as compared with 1091 in 1889. These figures show that the bison are coming back, and that they are doing so rapidly.

Already it is becoming a problem to take care of the increment of the protected herds. The Canadian authorities have arranged to give their surplus bison to such public institutions as desire them. Mr. Hewitt suggests that, in view of the present high price of beef, the value of the bison's "robe," and the ability of these animals to care for themselves out of doors in winter, farmers might be encouraged to purchase surplus animals from the Government, and utilise them as cattle.

GIVE THE PEOPLE THE LAND.

The growing tendency toward radicalism that is becoming more and more marked in Italy causes conservative Italians much anxiety, and induces a search for possible measures for its control. One of these is suggested by Senator

Luigi Canzi, in *Rassegna Nazionale*. He advocates a revival on a large scale of the old form of contract recognised by Roman law, and known as "emphyteusis," by which lands were granted in perpetuity, or for a very long term, on

condition that they should be improved and that the holder should agree to pay a stipulated annual rental to the grantor. As a general rule the term was a perpetual one.

This measure, as well in the Roman epoch as in medieval times, proved a veritable anchor of safety in agricultural and social crises. To it is due the cultivation of millions of acres of land; to it society has often owed its escape from terrible popular revolts, by re-establishing the equilibrium in the distribution of land, and by attaching firmly a good part of the population to the normal conditions of law and order.

It seems to Senator Canzi that the hour has now come to resort to such a practical measure, and especially in the form of small, perpetual concessions of land in favour of the farmers. This would put a check upon the ill-regulated desires of a multitude eager for change, and, without doing violence to property rights, without doing injury to any class, rather benefiting all, would in part satisfy the aspirations of those who, blinded by misery, believe that their material conditions could be bettered by a violent change in the present distribution of wealth.

The large estates usually belong to the richer classes, who are rarely able to dispense with a complicated and costly system of administration, a system bereft of all impulse to improve and transform the management of the property while using a wise economy. Hence these estates, eaten up by parasites, make but poor returns.

The smaller land holdings are subject to another grave drawback; if they are confided to the management of an ignorant peasant, he costs the owner in poor returns as much or more than he may save him in salary, and if, on the other hand, a really capable and intelligent manager is hired, his salary—if divided up over a few acres—will absorb half

the worth of the crop. Under these conditions the property is so little remunerative that any reasonable system of leasing would be preferable.

The writer believes that about five acres of land in the plains of Lombardy would suffice for the support of a family of five persons, and hence the assignment of 2,000,000 acres would create a class of 2,000,000 persons, supported by the cultivation of land to which they would have a direct right. They would be contented with their lot, because they would be assured of their daily bread, and would be preserved from the fear of an uncertain future. They would, therefore, constitute 2,000,000 conservatives, enemies of any radical change, because they would see in it a menace to their property rights.

This result would be accomplished if 200 owners of large estates were each willing to cede 10,000 acres on the terms proposed. Moreover, this measure would have another beneficial effect for society, as the land thus assigned would be better cultivated, and would, in a few years, show a much larger production, thus increasing the general economic prosperity of the nation.

Another consideration that should encourage the great landowners to carry out this policy is that they would soon be in a position to capitalise their income on at least a five per cent. basis. There ought to be no difficulty in finding capitalists willing to take over the contracts at this rate, as the income would be just as secure, and as easily collected as the interest on a government bond.

As a necessary condition for the success of this measure, the state should bind itself not to collect for ten years the tax now imposed upon the granting of perpetual leases of this type, provided they are made directly to the farmer, and never to levy any taxes upon the amount of the fixed rental.





Q.—When did the partition of Poland take place?

A.—The first partition was in 1772, the second in 1793, and the last in 1795. Napoleon created the Grand Duchy of Warsaw out of the Central Provinces of Prussian Poland, but this lasted only until after the retreat of Moscow, when the Russians occupied Warsaw. Cracow remained a republic until 1846, when it was incorporated in the Austrian Empire. The Poles are now claiming the boundary of 1772, but this frontier includes many provinces which are now purely Russian or Ukrainian.

Q.—What was the "Liberum Veto" in Poland?

A.—"Liberum Veto" was called in Poland, "niepozwalam," meaning, "I forbid." Every deputy in the Polish Diet had the right to veto any legislation of which he did not approve. This right was often exercised, and proved disastrous to Poland.

Q.—Is Great Britain building more ships now than before the war?

A.—Yes, the tonnage output is greater this year than it has ever been before. The highest pre-war record of ships under construction was that of March, 1913—2,064,000 tons. On March 31, this year, the tonnage building in the shipyards at home was 3,382,931. The number of ships was 825, and a large proportion of the new steamers were big vessels over 5000 tons. The tonnage building in the United States, on the same date, was 2,418,519. In 1919, the tonnage constructed in Great Britain was 1,620,442, and in the United States, 4,075,385.

Q.—Is it true that the French and English Governments have paid off the £100,000,000 loan they raised in the United States in 1915?

A.—Reports state that they have done so, but they must anticipate somewhat,

as the repayment is not due until October. The governments have, however, announced their intention of repaying the money, and already much gold has been sent from London to America with this ultimate object in view. In addition, England has been collecting "dollar" securities, to sell in America, to help raise the money needed. By paying in gold and securities, the ruinous loss on exchange is avoided, and the 500,000,000 dollars needed will absorb £100,000,000 only. At the present exchange, of course, no less than £25,000,000 extra would be required. As the loan was recently quoted in America at prices which yielded the investor no less than fourteen per cent., it is pretty evident that the redemption of the loan was not anticipated there.

Q.—Is Sydney the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere?

A.—No. Buenos Ayres is far larger. At the last census, 1914, its population was 1,575,814, and two years later, it was estimated at 1,596,927. To-day, it must be well over 1,650,000. The number of people in Sydney, when the last census was taken, 1911, was 636,353, and of Melbourne was 594,000. In 1918 the estimated population of the two cities was 792,700, and 723,500 respectively. Other large towns in the southern hemisphere are Santiago, 397,550, and Valparaiso, 201,507, both in Chile, Montevideo, 376,163; Rio de Janeiro, 128,637 (in 1911); Sao Paulo, 450,000, and Bahia, 290,000. The largest town in South Africa is Johannesburg, which in 1911 had a population of 120,000. It is significant to note, by the way, that, whereas the population of Australia in 1895 was 3,491,621, and in the same year that of Argentina, was 3,954,911, the number of people dwelling in the

latter doubled by 1911, to 7,885,237, whilst the increase in Australia was just over 1,000,000 to 4,568,707. Argentina is our greatest rival as a producer of meat, wool and grain, and is obviously going ahead far more rapidly than are we.

Q.—You referred to the leper settlements in Java in your last number. Could you give me some particulars about them?

A.—The leper settlements in Java and Sumatra were handed over some time ago by the Dutch Government to the Salvation Army. The unfortunate victims of this terrible disease assured General Booth that in the old days they experienced an earthly hell in the segregation camps, but now they experienced an earthly heaven there. Under Salvation Army control, one official is able to take charge of the same number of lepers previously looked after by no fewer than four government attendants. This is due to the fact that the Salvation Army has converted the lepers, and induced them to help each other. There are some 200 Army officers in the leper camps, nearly all of them American and English women. The lepers are all natives or Chinese. The camps are divided into groups of single men, single women, married lepers, and married lepers with children. Considerable financial support is given to the camps, and to Salvation Army work generally by the Chinese merchants in the Dutch colonies.

Q.—Are we to believe all the stories of Bolshevik atrocities in Russia?

A.—Certainly not. These have been greatly exaggerated for the purpose of inflaming public opinion against the Soviet Government in Russia, an angry state of mind amongst their peoples being desired by the French and English Governments, in order to justify the giving of assistance to Denekine and Koltchak. General Sir Hubert Gough declared on his return from Russia, that, "as to atrocities, they were grossly exaggerated, and did not take place where the Soviet Government had control, but in outlying places, where the central power could not reach." General Gough was head of the British Mission to Russia, first on the Black Sea,

then in the Caucasus, and finally in the Baltic Provinces. He and most of his staff sent a memorial to the British Government, urging the recognition of Soviet Russia, declaring that the stability of Europe depended mainly on the central European states being adequately provisioned, and that they could only get supplies from Russia. Without a general peace, however, the resources of Russia could not be made available.

Q.—Was General Joffre in supreme command of the Allies' forces before General Foch was appointed generalissimo?

A.—No. The position has been clearly stated by General Maurice in an article reviewed in STEAD'S, of October 5, 1918. Joffre was not officially appointed to the united command. However: "When the British army first went to France, its numbers were so small, that it fitted naturally into its place in the French machine, and Joffre was *de facto*, if not in name, generalissimo. Until the end of 1915 our troops fought both in attack and in defence in accordance with Joffre's plans, and usually in direct co-operation with the French troops." In 1916 Kitchener's army took the field. From then on, says General Maurice, "it became a question of loyal and whole-hearted co-operation between two co-equal and independent commanders-in-chief." In the autumn of 1917, the need of a united command was realised, and Foch was given supreme control.

Q.—What is the present output of coal in Britain, and what was the output before the war?

A.—In round figures, the yield for 1913 was 287,000,000 tons; for 1919, 229,000,000 tons—a decrease of 58,000,000 tons.

Q.—Will you give a candid opinion as to the reason for the reduction of output?

A.—We prefer to give the opinion of *The Economist* (January 31, 1920). This financial paper, while pointing out that the output per man has diminished from 4.95 tons per week to 4.2 tons per week, states emphatically that "this falling off cannot be fairly charged to the account of the men." It states also that the figures show conclusively that the

decrease was not due to the change to a seven-hour day, introduced in July. The output per man was practically the same in the second half of the year as in the first half, the change in working hours notwithstanding. Among the causes of the low output mentioned by *The Economist* are the Yorkshire strike, the railway strikes, increasing congestion on the railways, and coastal shipping difficulties. Of course, mining becomes more difficult as lower seams are tapped. One authority has pointed out that Britain does not use machine cutters, as America does, to counteract this growing handicap. It should be mentioned that the output of coal in 1913 was exceptionally high—about 23,000,000 tons higher than the average for the preceding five years; also that the number of hands employed was lower at the beginning of last year than before the war. The number was increased toward the end of the year, and the output increased also—almost up to the pre-war weekly standard.

Q.—Could you tell me whether a man who came to Australia from Germany as an infant, with his parents, thirty years ago, and whose parents became naturalised here, is regarded as an Australian citizen or not?

A.—The Commonwealth authorities state that if the person who came to Australia as an infant from Germany was a minor at the time of his father's naturalisation, and resided with such father during infancy, he is deemed to be an Australian.

Q.—Has Japan lent more to other nations than she has borrowed from them?

A.—At the close of the war Japan was stated to be in this position—that is, a creditor nation. Her indebtedness to foreign lenders at the end of 1918 was £133,900,000. Against this she held credits abroad, which were estimated at more than £150,000,000. However, she has since become a borrower again.

Q.—Which nations borrowed most heavily from Japan during the war?

A.—Britain borrowed £18,500,000; Russia, £17,800,000; France, £15,700,000. In addition, China borrowed from Japan before, and during, the war, a total of £28,300,000.

Q.—To what extent was Japan's credit improved during the war?

A.—The chief improvement was in the holdings of specie, which increased from £34,000,000 in 1914 to £160,000,000 at the end of 1918. Meantime, her total national debt, including loans raised at home, decreased from £258,000,000 to £250,000,000, and her total advances (private and government) to foreign nations, increased by £82,000,000.

Q.—Is Japan still maintaining her position as a world creditor?

A.—No. With the commercial slump has come a slump in the national finances. Payments in reduction of the national debt have been suspended, probably for three or four years; some of the specie holdings in foreign countries are being reduced; and about £19,000,000 is being borrowed this year for internal works in Japan, in addition to what will be required for the war operations in Siberia and elsewhere—probably a further sum of £15,000,000. Nevertheless, Japan's financial position is still very strong by comparison with that of European countries.

Q.—Is either King George or the Prince of Wales a Freemason?

A.—The Prince is a member of the Freemasons' body, but not the King. The King's uncle, the Duke of Connaught, is Grand Master of the Freemasons in Britain.

Q.—What are the political principles of the two great parties in the United States?

A.—The differences are rather historical than real. The Democrats stand nominally for a low tariff, some advocating a tariff for purposes of revenue, not protection, while the Republicans champion the high protection cause. In practice, however, the two parties have followed much the same road. The Republicans are supposed to favour more liberal treatment to negroes, but this again is hardly more than a tradition from Civil War times. A Labour party and a Farmers' Non-partisan League have recently entered politics, but neither has yet gained considerable influence in Federal affairs.



A CAVE WOMAN.*

Most of the more violent and obviously disgraceful troubles of the world are blamed on the residual cave-man. Civilisation is supposed to be the business of putting him in his place. Polite society frowns on his hairy instincts, his fighting, snarling, club-swinging, food-snatching maleness, and education tries to show him the co-operative method of self-preservation. In the tumultuous difficulty of this task, there has been no time to bother much about the cave-woman. She has been let sprawl all over the nursery. Her instincts, being less noisy, haven't been sufficiently disciplined. In fact, she has been encouraged to show them off, the way the picturesque badnesses of spoiled children are encouraged by silly parents. "True to her instincts," a phrase that should be synonymous with "uncivilised," is offered to her as a compliment—and she takes it.

Invincible Minnie is a truthful story about a cave-woman, or, as Minnie would prefer to describe herself, a womanly woman. Mrs. Holding's unique merit is in seeing that the two are one and the same. For this reason her book is going to be disliked by three large divisions of the human race; one by the men in whom there is enough left of the cave-man to like their women womanly; two, by the Minnies, who naturally won't like to see their source of power attacked, and, three, by the ultra-feminists who won't admit that there are any Minnies, or that if there are, it's all the fault of man. To these, perhaps, Mrs. Holding's book will be most irritating, because it is impossible to doubt its honest objectivity. Minnie exists.

We meet her first at Brownsville Landing, a little town on the banks of

the Hudson, "a rather short, full-bosomed young woman of perhaps twenty, with a dark, freckled face, and an expression very pleasant and friendly." She is living on her grandmother's shabby little farm, with her sister, Frances. They are Defoes, but unfortunately their Defoe father died without leaving them a penny. Frances had wanted to be a doctor, "such a queer thing for a girl," Minnie told her, and Frances is quietly bullied to stay on the farm. Still, she takes a secretarial position in New York City, greatly to her sister's horror. Minnie's instincts are all for the cave; she doesn't intend to jeopardise her chances of a genteel marriage by wandering too far from the hearth. Besides, she knows, as the Minnies do know things, that is, "instinctively," that her talents are not the sort that make for independence. She hits on the perfectly ladylike scheme of advertising for a boarder, for a "literary man," who might care to spend the summer on a farm. He comes, but as a matrimonial prospect, he is a complete failure, though not even his drunkenness would have stopped Minnie from marrying him, if he hadn't already been married. She reluctantly gives up the farm as a basis of operations, and when Frances comes home on a visit from New York, Minnie swings the club of duty so hard over her sister's head that Frances is forced to stay with her grandmother, and Minnie goes off to New York, where she has unearthed a mouldy aunt, whose "companion" she intends to be.

She carries out her intention, of course, and a little more. Frances, bright, honest, civilised, independent Frances, has left a fiancée in New York, Lionel Naylor, a weak and charming young Englishman. She writes him why she can't come back, and Lionel naturally

*"Invincible Minnie." By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. (Doran Co.)

goes to look for Minnie. He finds her, poor lad, and Minnie at once and instinctively falls in love with him.

She didn't deceive herself. She admitted that she intended to get Lionel away from Frankie by hook or crook. Of course, being Minnie, she felt that it would be for his good, and for Frankie's good, and that she was doing it largely for their sakes.

But Lionel, though a simple youth, knows that he loves Frances, and Minnie's motherly arguments of his poverty, and Frances's youth, fail to stop him from trying to go to Brownsville Landing. Unfortunately, he has to borrow the money from Minnie, and she insists on bringing it to his room the night before he is going. What follows is nothing less than the rape of Lionel. "He was like the innocent young heroine in a drama; he had a dim perception of something evil, he felt that he ought not to be there alone with Minnie." He was right. Minnie's instincts won the night, and, of course, after that, Lionel has to marry her, in order to make an honest man of himself.

Mrs. Holding now shows Minnie in her glory. She is the sort of wife who peels her husband's apple at breakfast, and is fierce about his rubbers. She forces milk-pudding on him "to make him fat"; she leads him out to live in the suburbs in a cottage, with "sets" of light oak furniture. "Because she was always busy, and always wearing an apron, he believed that she must accomplish an incredible amount of work. There was a great deal of dust about, the meals were always late, and often burned, but that all went to prove what a lot there was to be done. She was so hurried, so anxious, always thinking about his comfort."

The inevitable child comes. Before its birth Minnie doesn't particularly want it, except as an extra noose on Lionel, but afterwards she blazes into one ravenous maternal instinct.

She believed that the fact of having this child constituted a claim upon all the world. That whatever she did for its sake was fully justified. Because she loved it, she was licensed to take what she could for it, by any and all means, to secure advantages for it. A sort of divine licence, given only to mothers, so that they could do no wrong; an unlimited indulgence.

She proceeds at once to make use of this indulgence. Poor Lionel, choked by

her clinging arms, goes almost completely to the dogs. Minnie realises that something must be done. She takes the child, and goes back to Brownsville Landing, where she poses as a widow, and gets a place as housekeeper for Mr. Petersen, a big, calm, intelligent Swede, who used to be their grandmother's unpaid landlord. The grandmother is long dead, and Frances has left for parts unknown. Minnie feels quite safe. Mr. Petersen soon proposes marriage to her, and she accepts, trusting to what her instinct tells her—that this is the only way she can secure the money she needs for her beloved Lionel and their child.

Lionel turns up, intending to denounce her, but, crushed by her infallible righteousness, stays on in Mr. Petersen's household. He is there when Minnie's child by Mr. Petersen is born. Things are rather in a muddle. Minnie's faithful but irrational housekeeping have made a pigsty of the immaculate Swedish house, and a despairing man of the calm Swede. Lionel wants to "rehabilitate" himself by going to the war, and Minnie threatens to kill herself if he does. Into this muddle Frances comes like a clean, straight stroke of lightning, and in the thunderstorm that follows, it looks as if Minnie's mischief might be undone. Lionel goes to enlist, Minnie leaves precipitately, and the two innocent children are left with Mr. Petersen and Frances, who take miraculous care of them. Mr. Petersen and Frances marry, but not, as a banal novelist would have made them, for love. Theirs is a friendly alliance for the sake of the children. And then Minnie comes back, led by her wolfish maternal instinct. She stabs her sister and former "husband" with her legal claim to the children, and takes them away, after having extracted a rich cheque from the still susceptible Mr. Petersen. He and Frances never fall in love with each other; they lead a decent, weary life. Lionel dies of tuberculosis.

But Minnie goes on invincibly. With the money she continues to squeeze out of Petersen, she starts a boarding-house in New York. There Petersen finds her when he comes to see his son. He never comes again. Minnie has neglected her daughter so that she is near consump-

tion, and her unlimited indulgence has made a fat, lazy slug of the boy. And she sits on the wrecks of five lives, plump and contentedly respectable, secure in the knowledge that she has always acted "for the best," that is, according to her sanctified instincts.

Invincible Minnie seems to be Mrs. Holding's first book. It has various minor faults. The scourge of revision has not been ruthlessly applied, and the style is marred here and there by a loose carelessness. The method of telling large chunks of each character's life—leaving one in suspended curiosity about the others, is a little annoying, but quite legitimate. What makes one indifferent to these defects is her marvellous ability to record and analyse Minnie. Minnie may not be the artistic equal of Becky Sharp, but she is far nearer our common experience. So intense is Mrs. Holding's concentration on this portrait that the others are a little blurred. Frances is not much more than a pleasant brightness. Mrs. Holding even gets pessimistic about her. In one of her few amateurish "asides" she exclaims, "Perhaps those others with hearts, with brains, with souls, are not true women, only the freaks of nature."

This is an appalling "perhaps," and one not worthy of a book so unhysterical. There is no need to moralise about Minnie. She is a true woman, a true cave-woman, and, having met her all

we can say is, for God's sake, let's hurry up and educate her into a human being. She mustn't be encouraged by having sentimentality poured over her vices, and neither must her existence be denied. That is where the man-hating feminist makes her mistake. Minnie is the very core of the "woman" problem. Mrs. Holding has done an immense service by isolating a complete specimen of a Minnie, and taking us right to the end of her unharnessed instincts. The results are not often so clear, and the specimens are seldom so complete. The Minnies are often neat, often beautiful, often have a little actual intelligence, mixed with their craftiness, and they are not easily avoided by the unsophisticated. But sooner or later, like the devil's hoof, they give themselves away. They demand chivalry, not because they may be weak, but because they are women. They trade on their womanhood. Crimes, lies, indecencies, and "the horrible doctrine of expediency," they justify if they can only creep under the umbrella of their instincts, their "womanly" instincts.

Not all women are Minnies, any more than every man is a cave-man, but more men have progressed a civilised distance from the cave. It doesn't matter whose fault it is that women have not; it only matters to begin walking. The first step is realisation, and Mrs. Holding's book is a good long step. S.T.

ABOUT GERMAN PRISON CAMPS.*

During the war, the maltreatment of prisoners in Germany was one of the favourite themes of those in charge of the hatred campaign, and any suggestion that, in some cases, at any rate, the treatment accorded to war prisoners in Germany was humane, was never believed. That there were many instances of regrettable brutality in the prison camps of Germany is not denied, but these were exploited by our propagandists for all—and more than all—they were worth. The worst instances of abuse of power by local commandants in Germany have been selected, and pub-

lished hitherto for the express purpose of exciting and propagating race-hatred, and thus preventing the formation of a just and durable peace.

A far more reasonable spirit is, however, manifesting itself to-day, and I have been quite astonished to find people who, during the war, insisted on regarding the Germans as inhuman beasts, now admitting that no doubt on the whole they treated their prisoners well, and that the cases of brutality so exploited here were the exception, and not the rule. This is altogether a better frame of mind, and Mr. Picton's book will undoubtedly convince many that they were fooled in this matter, as in so many others, when the struggle was raging.

*"The Better Germany in War-time." By Harold Picton. (National Labour Press, Ltd. 5/-.)

Mr. Picton bases his account on the official reports of the American Consuls charged with the duty of inspecting the prison camps; and on letters and reports from prisoners. A few extracts will speak for themselves. Mr. Jackson reports of Doberitz prison camp that it "is in a healthy location, and the barracks . . . are at least as good as those used by the Germans. . . . There were no general complaints except those with regard to the German nature of the food—and those were the exact counterparts of complaints made to me by German prisoners in England." Most people are highly conservative in the matter of food. Until the blockade reduced the Germans themselves to semi-starvation, it does not appear from these reports that the food was such as to warrant the accounts given of it here. Later, when food parcels were sent from England, it is clearly explained that the reason a very large number of them failed to reach the addressees, was that they were "packed so badly, albeit by loving hands, that in the first rough and tumble of the post, the paper burst, and the contents of a dozen parcels fell in an inextricable jumble on the floor," even before they could leave England.

The camps for German prisoners in England do not seem to have been considered by the Americans who inspected them superior in arrangements to the prison camps of Germany. Donnington Hall, about which such an uproar was made, is described as "a large, bare house, in a hollow . . . the style of furniture that of a sergeants' mess. . . ." And the German officers' camp at Dyfryn Aled, where, even in April, 1916, "the bathing arrangements remained primitive," is contrasted with the U.S. reports of Friedberg and Crefeld, whose rooms, "containing shower-nozzles, would do credit to a hotel of the first-class."

Of the many touching accounts of kindness on the field to our wounded men we can quote but one: "I was shot in both legs. . . . As I lay, hopeless and helpless, a German officer, also wounded, crawled up to me. . . . He spoke English fluently, and said, 'All right, old chap, we'll see what can be done.' As soon as it was dark, he

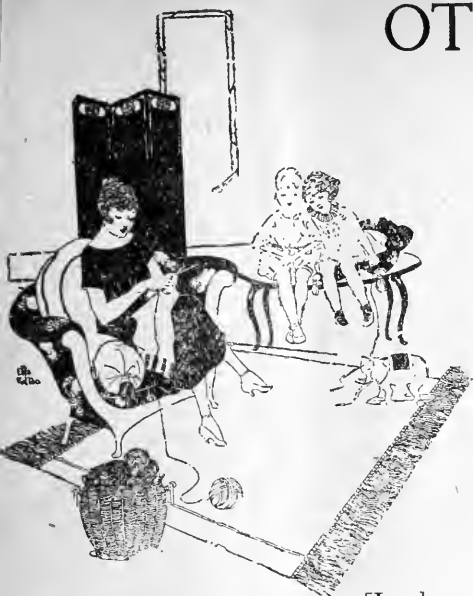
got me to pull myself on his back, and crawled to within earshot of our outposts, and only left me when he knew my cry had been heard." For further instances of human kindness in the midst of the hell of war we must refer our readers to the book itself, with the hope that it may have a wide circulation, and do much to promote that mutual understanding without which no reconstruction of Western civilisation is possible. How that peace and understanding is longed for, a simple letter found on a dead German tells: "My dearest heart, when the little ones have prayed for their dear father, and gone to bed, I sit and think of thee, my love. I think of all our happy, married life. O Ludwig, beloved of my soul, why should people fight each other? I cannot think that God would wish it." Mr. Picton adds: "Can any generous heart think of that anxious waiting unmoved. Shall we, children of one Life, wait till we have wholly darkened each other's homes, and then call our handiwork peace?" That is the question it is the duty of us all to answer.

BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA.*

Professor Etienne Antonelli gives in considerable detail an account of the age-long revolutionary movement of which Bolshevism is the climax, and illustrates his analysis of Bolshevistic theory and practice with official documents. His explanation of its success in Russia is probably the right one: it is simply that its doctrine has hitherto been the most acceptable to the Slav mind, because it is most in agreement with Slav psychology. The social aspects and political working of the system are examined in the light of this theory, and much light is thrown thereby on the amazing contradictions which have baffled the student in the West. M. Antonelli's conclusions are cheerful. He does not believe that Bolshevism as a system of government will endure. He does believe that it may prove the foundation of a new type of democracy which "will build itself up out of the very stuff of the people" and present to humanity the spectacle of a social structure "such as the world will not have known till then."

* "Bolshevist Russia," by Etienne Antonelli. (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d. net.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR



World.

[London.]

"Mother, why do fairy tales always begin, 'Once upon a time'?"
 "They don't, darling. Sometimes your father begins them, 'Such a rush of work last night!'"



Le Journal Amusant.

[Paris.]

"You see that woman over there! She's the one who has ruined my home."
 "She has stolen your husband, I suppose?"
 "No—my cook!"



Die Musketo.

[Vienna.]

ALL BEGINNINGS ARE DIFFICULT.

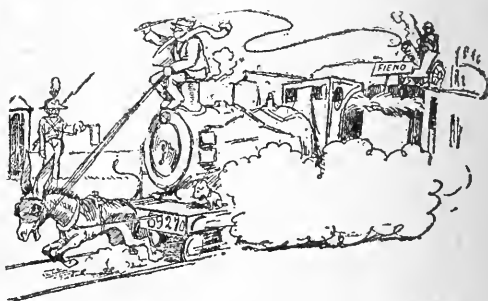
"Order oysters. That is the most aristocratic way to begin."
 "I would—if I only knew how to eat them!"



Blighty.

[London.]

HUSBAND (on being asked his opinion of his wife's new bare-back gown): "Well, my dear, to tell you the truth—"
 WIFE: "Oh, if that's all you've got to say, I don't want to hear a word."



Il 420.

[Florence.]

THE ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN AT FLORENCE DURING THE STRIKE.



Le Pêle Mêle.]

[Paris.]

THE CONNOISSEUR: "Ten thousand francs for that old picture! I could understand, if it were for a modern painting, because of the high price of oil. But in the eighteenth century—it was only a few pence the gallon!"



World.]

[London.]

"Is it an old master?"

"Don't be absurd. It's perfectly modern; you can tell that from the costume. It's the portrait of a lady in evening dress."



Passing Show.]

[London.]

FATHER (endeavouring to blend instruction and amusement): "Yes, children, Mr. Lloyd George saved his country just as Joan of Arc saved France."

BRIGHT CHILD: "And when are they going to burn Mr. Lloyd George, daddy?"



London Opinion.]

[London.]

LADY (who has given beggar a shilling): "Don't imagine I believe in you. I only give you this because I like giving."

BEGGAR: "Well, make it 'arf-a-crown, lady, and theroughly enjoy yourself."



Tyrihans.]

[Christiania.]

OUR CHILDREN.

"What on earth do you mean by smoking in the parlour?"

"That's all right, dad. You ought not to object. You see, you can always tell mother it was I whenever she shouts at you for smoking here!"



Tyrirkans.]

[Christiania.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

HER FATHER: "I think you are audacious to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Can you give me a single reason why I should consent?"

HER SUITOR: "Well, I can assure you that I am a man of moderate desires and am easily pleased. I think I should cost you less than any other son-in-law."



Passing Show.]

[London.

THE MOTHER OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER: "Och, here's a wire frae Sandy. He's broke his leg and his collar-bone in the Cup-tie."

THE FATHER: "An' the score? What about the score?"

THE MOTHER: "Och, there's naething about the score."

THE FATHER: "That's Sandy all over. He thinks about naebody but himsel'."



World.]

[London.

SHR: "Do you know why I won't marry you?"

HE: "I can't think."

SHR: "You've guessed it."



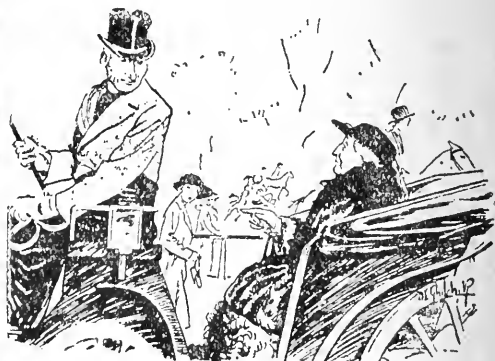
Der Brummer.]

[Berlin.

IN THESE DAYS.

"This is iniquitous! The train is six hours late!"

"Don't grumble at that! Rather be thankful that you have got here at all—alive!"



Blightly.]

[London.

HER LADYSHIP: "We'd better turn back now, James. I don't think the damp air's agreeing with me."

JAMES: "Very good, m'lady. I never liked pears myself."



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(Continued from page 636.)

and behold that of his successors. And George Chaffey's after-career is a standing reproach to Australia, of which he deserved so well.

The Chaffey Brothers started operations in the Murray valley in 1886. By 1893 they had laid out some £550,000—as much as their agreement with the Government stipulated for seventeen years. But theirs was the usual experience of men who fight the ingrained habits of a stubborn soil. They encountered unforeseen difficulties. Success seemed still a long way off when that half-million had been spent; their money gone, it looked as if the pioneers would be left in the lurch. That they were not, that we have to-day our Mildura, Renmark, and assured comfortable livings for thousands of returned soldiers, is chiefly due to the pluck and the determination of W. B. Chaffey. That his brother George was ever allowed to feel deserted by his adopted countrymen, and let go back to California, where he has done great things ever since, must always count against the Powers of those days.

THE VISION THAT CAME TRUE.

But this is of the past. It is a good thing for this world that blunders and stupidity can only delay, never stay, the march of civilisation. For Mildura and Australia generally it was a good thing that William Chaffey, bankrupt and disappointed apostle of irrigation, set his jaw and determined to see it through. He had come to this country in the prime of life, leaving an already established reputation, and risking a more than comfortable fortune. To-day he is old, as men are counted in years, but erect in stature, young in enthusiasm, and glad he came. What makes men do these things? They could not tell clearly themselves. But the instinct of the born pioneer drives them. This is how "The Boss"—as W. B. Chaffey is affectionately called throughout the irrigation settlements, explains it:—

"Thirty-three years ago, when I first set eyes on this winding river, I had a vision. The dreary bush, which then frowned upon me, retreated before my mental eye, and in its place I saw a smiling view of thriving orchards and happy homes—the very image of the scene on which we gaze to-day. We have had our ups and downs, years of glad progress that brought my vision tangibly to life, and days and weeks so black that it receded almost to the depths where it must fade out in despair. But near or distant, bright or dim, my vision never left me. It has steeled me to stand up before my comrades and counsel perseverance, when all our money had gone and we seemed ruined. It kept my faith alive, and my spirits up throughout the struggle of 35 years. Now that it is nearly over, I want no better reward than the knowledge that my vision has come true. I say, 'nearly over,' because all the work is not done yet. I want to see the Murray's waters properly conserved before I die. And then others will complete what I could start, and make this valley one long, rich garden of orchards and vines."

W. B. Chaffey won through because he is a fighter with a soul. His indomitable spirit conquered all obstacles; his seer's soul kept him on the straight road to the ideals of his youth. These qualities are still his in the evening of his life. They lend distinction to the high offices he is filling; they still guide the successful partnership of which we have to tell. As President of the Australian Dried Fruit Association, "The Boss" is father, pilot and friend to thousands of fruitgrowers throughout this land. That is a trust more anxious than the lusty, care-free fight of the pioneer. The A.D.F.A. is now a power in the land, and its President and other heads see to it that it wields its powers wisely. The A.D.F.A. has made a great, thriving, national industry of what was once the proverbial drug on the market. The A.D.F.A. has made Mildura famous in the five corners of the earth. Mildura is the

A.D.F.A. And of Mildura we must tell before we judge finally the A.D.F.A.

THE ON-MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

Like Kalgoorlie and other mining towns, Mildura is an outpost of civilisation in the wilderness. But here is the difference: Whereas the wilderness wins in the end against most mining towns, Mildura is there to stay. Every year Mildura is growing a little more into Greater Mildura, and always at the expense of the wilderness. Mildura is now beckoning to its sister irrigation colonies up and down the river. Before long these colonies will join hands, and then there will be no wilderness at all on 800 or 1000 square miles in the heart of the misanthropic Mallee. The tiny pin-pricks on the map will have grown into a considerable patch. And in the midst of that patch, Greater Mildura will be a great centre indeed.

But we need not dream of the future to give the town its due. We need not stress its already striking, physical beauty to point out its lesson and its message to the rest of Australia. It is pleasant to sit on the velvet lawns that stretch along Deakin Avenue, beneath the shady sugar-gums and palms which already make that thoroughfare one of the finest streets in Australia. But it is inspiring to stroll in the cool of the evening towards the fringes of the town, where luxurious vineyards and busy factories are just settling to rest after the labour of the hot day. To behold the drays, groaning under their loads of luscious grapes. To watch hundreds of contented, well-paid men and girls trundling gaily homewards on their bicycles, after the day's work. To walk further out on miles of well-made roads, and be cheered by the twinkle of electric lights from cosy settlers' villas, out from the dark privacy of their surrounding gardens. To hear a snatch of song here, a peal of laughter there. All signs of that enviable happiness which is the blessing of close contact with the soil. And to remember then that two short decades ago darkness

and desolation reigned in this very spot, deserted even by the cattle-men and given over to the rabbits and wild dogs. That to-day hundreds of men are prospering and rearing healthy families on 20-acre blocks which formerly failed to sustain one single sheep.

All this is inspiration to the mind that can appreciate results, and define their causes. The results are as manifold as they are amazing and far-reaching. But of causes there are only two: Irrigation and Organisation.

Without irrigation the banks of the Murray must revert in one season to the hungry bush, in which even sheep could not live. Irrigation was the first step. It bent the reluctant soil to the service of man. Presently it coaxed from it heavy crops of fruits and grapes. At once the old see-saw problem of fruit-growing stepped in, threatening ruin to W. B. Chaffey's plucky band. Failure of crops—no returns at all. Alternative big yields—a glut of the limited market, and returns that fell far short of the cost. Result in both cases, early ruin. Exit civilisation. Enter wilderness, rabbits, dingoes. Curtain.

That was before the days of the A.D.F.A. Plainly, irrigation alone was not enough. It produced the crops, but it could not make them pay. Before the advent of the A.D.F.A. fruit growing in Australia for a living was just about lunacy. It was not till Organisation came to its aid that Irrigation made good.

To-day it is no longer lunacy; to-day it is not even the wheat-growers' gamble on rainfall, droughts and pests; it is a sound, safe and solid industry, providing thousands of Australians with an assured, comfortable living; a great national asset which adds every year hundreds of happy Australian homes to the flourishing communities which it has already conjured up in the former wilderness.

Work alone cannot achieve this. The early Murray pioneers worked the skin off their hands, and yet they failed. It was not till they added Organisation to

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Street, Melbourne.

Irrigation that the new partnership began to make good.

Well, the cat is out of the bag. The real name of the successful combination is A.D.F.A. The abbreviation saves breath and ink, but one would almost prefer the full designation. For in these days of combines and profiteers, the public suspect all cryptic signs.

WHAT A.D.F.A. STANDS FOR.

In reality, there is nothing cryptic about the A.D.F.A. Its cards—all its cards—lie face up on the table of judgment. So that the very sleuth-hounds of public opinion, the press, should scrutinise these cards, probe them, examine them for the slightest trace of suspicion, newspaper representatives from all over Australia were recently invited to Mildura. They went, they saw, they heard. Mr. C. J. De Garis, the live publicity-wire of the A.D.F.A., said to them: "Now, gentlemen of the press, look where you like, ask what you like, and then write what you like. We have nothing to hide. Our policy and our motto are: 'Out in the open.'"

Those fifty-five journalists, every one of them keen on a scoop, did look into every corner of Mildura; after the manner of pressmen they asked many questions all along the Murray valley, some wise and many foolish ones. They interviewed the heads of the A.D.F.A., who had the whole business at their fingers' ends; they button-holed managers of vineyards and packing-sheds who knew all about the technical side; and they cross-examined the very pickers, who knew nothing at all beyond that there was coming to them 12/- a day. The pressmen saw much that was altogether admirable; just now and then a detail capable of improvement; but never by any chance a hint of exploitation of the growers or the public. The A.D.F.A. procures a market for the crops. It looks ahead and tells its members where, and when, and how to send their fruit. And every year it fixes fair prices for dried fruit, enough to give the growers a reasonable profit, and no more.

The A.D.F.A. is a deadly foe to speculators and profiteers. The specu-

lators started to ship our dried fruit to England, where they now fetch considerably more than the prices fixed by the A.D.F.A. Had they had their way, every single case of currants, sultanas, and lexias would have found its way abroad—or Australians would have had to pay English prices for their own fruit. But the A.D.F.A. stepped in, inducing the Government to control exports. The public were protected from the speculator. But what about the profiteer?

Here was a chance to profit by the virtual monopoly given to the growers by the war! No doubt there were many who thought themselves entitled to the world's prices. The world's market depressed their returns before the war; there was some justice in expecting that it should benefit them, now that it had soared. But again the A.D.F.A. stepped in. It fixed the prices much below London parity, and prevented profiteering. The two objects of the A.D.F.A. are to give the growers fair returns, and the Australian consumer wholesome fruit at the lowest possible price. To these most commendable ends all its resource, influence and energy are devoted. It exists for no other purpose.

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To distinguish the clean, always wholesome and uniform fruit sold by the A.D.F.A. from inferior brands, the well-known "Sun-Raised" label has been devised for the protection of the public. No shrivelled or half-cleaned berries ever receive the "Sun-Raised" hall-mark. "Sun-Raised" stands for healthy conditions in Australian vineyards and packing-sheds; for good wages and decent living of everybody working under its emblem; for the highest quality and the scrupulously hygienic preparation of the important food that bears its name, and for the advancement of the still more important district and industry which are now teaching us the lesson of Irrigation plus Organisation.

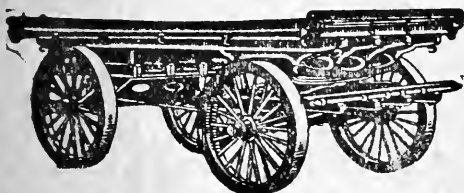
"Sun-Raised" is fast becoming a household word in the Australian lan-

guage. A year ago, when it was coined, people wondered at its meaning. To-day they know that "Sun-Rayseed" simply means the pick of Australian fruit and Australian ideals.

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other Australian industry in city or country which can absorb our returned soldiers faster, or under more happy auspices. Twenty acres of irrigated land will make the average, steady worker independent inside three years. Over a hundred returned men are already happily settled in the various Sun-Rayseed colonies—many of them well over the hill beyond which lies prosperity. And the Governments of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia, recognising this unrivalled field for their returned men, are now preparing additional hundreds of thousands of acres, on which others are to be established as soon as possible. At Red Cliffs, Nine Mile, Lake Bonney, Cobdogla, Lone Gum, Berri, and in a dozen other places, large gangs are ploughing up the brown soil, digging channels, and preparing the sites for the pumps. A few more months, and there will be hundreds of new cottages and embryo vineyards, with so many more soldier families provided for. Another two or three years, and these soldier colonies will lead in the output of dried fruit and in the counsels of the A.D.F.A. All of which is entirely as it should be, and in the best interests of the country.



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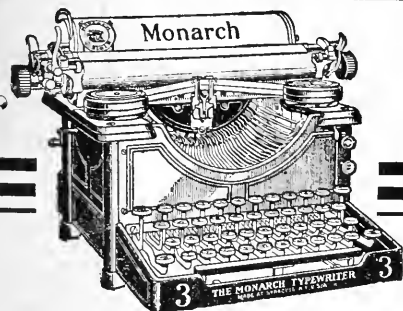
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THE DELUGE.

(Continued from page 638.)

Darkness and night came again, and through the black hours it rained steadily. The tumult of the deluge increased. Its roaring grew deeper. Not once did Swift Lightning and Firefly close their eyes. From their shelter they stared out into the chaos of storm and waited for light again. It came at last, and they went out on what was left of Kwahoo. Parts of it had been torn away, and the water was so high that it rippled over its lower edges. But still the great massive heart of the drift was left, a hundred feet square.

At its upper end the flood had thrown a fresh pile of driftage, and Firefly and Swift Lightning advanced to investigate. It had been nearly forty hours since they had eaten, and they were hungry. Hunting-instinct told them something in the way of living food might have come with it.

And something had. A great, furry, diamond-eyed creature lay flat on its belly, watching them from between its fore paws. A dozen times since coming into the forests, Swift Lightning had seen lynxes, but never so large a one as the huge cat that had been thrown upon Kwahoo. There was something about Pisew, the lynx, that spoke also of hunger. He had gone even longer than Firefly and Swift Lightning without eating. The wolf half circled him cautiously. There was a menacing growl in Swift Lightning's throat, to which the lynx made no answer except that his nose crinkled, his lips drew up a bit, and his whiskers bristled. Firefly whimpered and ran after her mate, urging him back to their own end of the drift.

And then, so swiftly that none of them moved during the acting of it, an amazing thing happened.

Down the breast of that rolling, thunderous flood came the frailest of all things that had beaten against the drift—a birchbark canoe. In it were a man and a woman, and, clutched tightly in the woman's arms, a child. The woman's face was dead white, whiter because of the thick masses of

shining black hair that fell loosely about her, clinging wet about her face and shoulders and body. And if his beard had not hidden it, Gaston Rouget's face would have shone as bloodless as the woman's. For he had seen death ahead of them in each minute of the last half-hour—ever since they had been driven from their flood-destroyed cabin to make a fight for their lives in the canoe. Vainly Rouget had fought to reach the shore, but all he could do was to keep the nose of his canoe straight ahead.

And now, dead in his way, lay the drift.

"Jeanne, ma chérie, there is nothing to fear now!" he cried bravely to the woman ahead of him. "There is Kwahoo, and the water is sweeping over the end of it. I shall run straight on. Hold tight to little Jeanne."

Swift Lightning and Firefly and Pisew, the big lynx, saw what happened then. The canoe rushed up over the submerged end of Kwahoo. It struck, and flopped sideways, and the woman was flung out, still clutching the little girl, and Gaston Rouget scrambled to them, like a many legged and many-armed man, and caught them madly to his breast, while the canoe, lightened of its human burden, swung out into the flood with its food, Rouget's rifle and its blankets, and was lost.

Gaston, seeing it go, held his loved ones still closer while a new horror struck to his heart. From their refuge, in that moment, he saw no way of escape for many days, for with the canoe, were gone the bread and meat that would have given them life. Then, rising up, he saw the great cat, Pisew, crouching on an upthrown log, and beyond the lynx, standing out clear on the flood-wood, the alert and poised forms of Firefly and Swift Lightning. Instinctively his hand reached to the one weapon he possessed now, the knife at his belt, and the cold chill went out of his heart, for in these three that had preceded him he saw what he had given up as lost—food and life for many days.

"Le bon Dieu be praised!" he said, speaking to the woman, Jeanne, yet with his huntsman's eye on the cat and the dog and the wolf. "It is fortunate that we were thrown upon Kwahoo, my Jeanne—it is fortunate!"

II.

In those moments, the miracle of understanding descended swiftly upon the occupants of the big flood-wood raft. For Swift Lightning and Firefly, the whimsical twistings of a few minutes had changed a thrilling adventure into the still greater thrill of impending tragedy. In their discovery of Pisew, the lynx, they had sensed instantly the presence of a deadly enemy; and the big cat, eyeing them from his log, trembled with the thrill of a great desire. That desire was to get at the throat of Firefly, the dog. At the bottom of their instincts was hunger. It was greatest in the lank-bellied, famished cat. In Swift Lightning, its demand had not yet told him that Pisew was meat to kill and devour, yet it was the fearlessness and the unformed desire of hunger that held him in his tracks when Firefly tried to urge him back. He was ready to give battle to anything of flesh and blood—except man; and Pisew, crouching on his log, waited for the distance to shorten between them so that he might leap. And in that wait had come the man.

Instantly, the presence of that dominant animal of all creation drove another thing than the fire of desire and hate through their veins. It was fear—the fear of the ages. Pisew cringed flatter, that he might not be seen. And Swift Lightning dropped back snarling, his ears flattened. Only Firefly stood without moving, her bright eyes filled with wonderment at the appearance of the man and the woman, and of the little child who stood between them now, clutching at the woman's hand. It was at Firefly that Gaston Rouget stared, amazement in his own eyes. Never had wolf given birth to a creature like her. He whispered it to the woman, while his fingers gripped tighter the handle of his knife. A dog! He called, and advanced a few steps, holding out his hand. He

called to her in Cree, and in French, and in English. He was within ten paces of her when Firefly turned and trotted back to Swift Lightning.

It was Swift Lightning who impinged upon her a mysterious sense of danger. She stood close to him. She felt the quivering of his body. She saw his bared fangs and heard the strange snarl in his throat. Yet, in that moment, she wanted to go to the man, and especially to the woman and the child. The man understood. In his face was a new light of gladness. He worshipped the woman with the long, shining hair. His soul was wrapped up in the little Jeanne. They had faced death—now he saw life. In his pocket were matches. There was dry wood by digging into the white logs under his feet. In his belt was a knife. And he foresaw that the yellow dog which had wandered away with a wolf would be easy to lure and easy to kill. They would not starve on Kwahoo.

In the steady, drizzling downpour of the rain, the man went toward the middle of the dead-wood raft, holding the woman by the hand. The water ran in little trickles from her long black hair, and little Jeanne's lighter hair was plastered wet round her face and shoulders. The man came first to the upheaved logs which had formed the dry nest, occupied by Swift Lightning and Firefly, and when he looked in he gave an exclamation of joy. From a little distance, Firefly and her mate watched the interlopers. They saw them enter into their cavern of logs, and Swift Lightning's snarl was filled with a sullen rage. Inside, the man stripped off the wet clothes of the child, while the woman twisted handfuls of her heavy hair and wrung the water from it. Then, all at once, she leaned over and put her arms round both the man and the child and kissed the man. Gaston Rouget laughed softly, and a little later began digging up dry splinters of spruce with his knife. Soon after that, Swift Lightning and Firefly saw a thin veil of grey smoke rising out of their stolen kennel, and Pisew, the lynx, smelled the tang of it in the sodden air.

All that day, Kwahoo shuddered and shivered in the mighty force of the flood, but the anchorage under it held fast. Again and again the man came out of his shelter and approached as close as he could to Firefly. Three times the woman came with him, and once Firefly let her come so near that she could almost touch her. In the woman's voice there was no lure of death, for Gaston had not told her what was in his mind. Her eyes glowed softly. Her voice was gentle. In the reach of her arms was the desire to fondle, the desire to make friends. Yet Firefly remained always just out of reach, warned by Swift Lightning's snarling voice.

Then night came again. It was thick and black, but the rain had ceased. Pisew crept out of his drift-pile, and his claws tensed hungrily into the wood under his padded feet. Swift Lightning, with greenish eyes of fire, watched and waited, and sniffed the air cautiously and expectantly. In the shelter of logs, only the woman and the child slept. The man was wide awake, his hand resting always on a club he had found for himself. In her sleep, little Jeanne murmured sobbingly. Gaston understood. It was hunger. He thrust out his head and listened. The rush of the flood smothered other sound, but he caught the flash of a pair of greenish eyes, and heard faintly something that was like the ripping of claws in wood. The man crept out with his club. After a time he returned. And still later, in the niche she had found for herself between two logs, Firefly whimpered to herself, and within her grew a yearning desire for the woman.

It was in the early hours of morning, black as the midnight, that she approached the shelter of logs. Ten feet away the man heard the sound of her claws, and he laid his club aside and drew out his knife, and crouched, waiting. Nearer and still nearer came Firefly, and ten steps behind her was Swift Lightning, his eyes blazing, calling to her with the whine in his throat. To the man, the minutes were hours before Firefly came to the opening. She



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thrust in her head, and he heard her sniffing. Then came her shoulders—even in the blackness he knew that she was half in. From the side he reached out, an inch at a time, and in his other hand he raised the knife. Then, swift as Pisew himself, he lunged out and his fingers gripped in Firefly's yellow hair. The knife drove through the pit of darkness. It struck flesh and bone, and Firefly's howl of agony was followed by the clashing of Swift Lightning's fangs as he rushed in. The woman woke with a scream, and Gaston struck out blindly twice more. But Firefly was gone, leaving a handful of the yellow hair in his fingers. The knife had struck her shoulder-blade, ripping down through the flesh, and a stream of blood dripped from her wound as she ran to the far end of Kwahoo, with Swift Lightning at her shoulder.

A few minutes afterward, Pisew came upon that warm red trail, and his big body twitched, and, foot by foot, he stalked over it through the darkness until, at last, coming round the end of the drift-pole, he met the blazing eyes of Swift Lightning. It was the leader of the packs who leaped first. In the middle of Kwahoo, searching for the dog that he hoped he had wounded to death, Gaston Rouget heard the tumult of battle above the roar of flood. Greater hope filled his heart. The dog had dragged herself away and the wolf and the lynx were fighting over her, he thought. Holding his club, he approached the sound of combat cautiously. When he came to the rolling and twisting bodies, he struck twice in the darkness. Pisew's night-eyes saw him first, and the lynx leaped up and over the drift. A third blow touched Swift Lightning's shoulder, and he, too, was gone. On his hands and knees, Gaston Rouget searched. His fingers touched warm blood. But Firefly was not there, dead of her wounds, as he had hoped. She was with Swift Lightning, at the lower end of the big drift.

The man went back to the shelter, where Jeanne and the little Jeanne were waiting, frightened. Pisew moved away out of his flood-wood lair

and smelled hungrily of the blood stains left by Firefly. Swift Lightning, his sides ripped by the cat's long claws, shifted his wide-open eyes like greenish searchlights. A thing mightier in its instinct than hunger was in his blood. It was the passionate desire of the beast to defend his mate. Firefly was whimpering softly with pain. He muzzled her gently, yet his body was hard as steel. A dozen times he caught the flash of Pisew's eyes out on the white logs of Kwahoo before dawn came.

This day, it was lighter. Gaston Rouget knew that the rains had passed, but that the flood would boil for many days. His heart sank when he saw that Firefly was alive, and limping but slightly when she moved close to Swift Lightning.

Even the woman could not approach near to her now. Hardly a step did she move away from Swift Lightning's shoulder.

In the older Jeanne's dark eyes there was a growing terror, and more frequently little Jeanne cried and asked for something to eat. Gaston put his arms round them both, and laughed cheerfully to keep up their courage. All that day he stalked with his club. Then, in the afternoon, an inspiration came to him when he saw the three or four places where Pisew entered and came out of his drift-pile. With new hope, the woman unbraided her long hair when Gaston told her of his plan. Each shining strand was precious to him, yet from it he cut enough to make three snares stronger than rope or wire. And these, just before the dusk of another night, he set for Pisew, the lynx.

Pisew, the lynx, had lived many years, and had encountered many perils. He knew the smell of man and the menace of man, and when, in a blackness unlighted by either moon or stars, he came to the first of the silken snares, the perfume of it stopped him dead in his tracks. To Pisew, it bore the taint of poison. He avoided it, and wormed himself a new way out of the tangled drift.

To-night, he was thinner than last

night. His craving was no longer mere hunger. It was a madness. His padded feet moved silently over the logs until he found the quarter of wind that brought with it the scent of Firefly. For half an hour he lay flat on his belly. Then, a foot at a time, he began to stalk his prey. Starvation gave him a terrible courage. He was not afraid of Swift Lightning, nor would he have been afraid of two or three Swift Lightnings. With his long claws he had killed caribou. In his second year he had slain a wolf. He was a giant of his kind, and mad with hunger.

Swift Lightning caught no scent, because the wind was against him, but after a time he saw the greenish flashings of Pisew's eyes as he came nearer and nearer through the darkness.

Swift Lightning made no effort to avoid the climax of what he sensed to be a great tragedy. Firefly's whimpering fear, as she, too, saw the advancing eyes, added to the fixed determination that was in his brain. He did not stir, but, as the greenish eyes advanced, Firefly crawled back a bit at a time. From the door of their shelter, Gaston and Jeanne stared out into the pit of darkness, waiting, listening, watchful. They, too, had seen the flash of eyes, and in a whisper the man explained what was about to happen and what it would mean for them. For it would be a fight to the death, and after that there would be meat to last them until the flood went down.

Their blood ran swift and hot as they heard the first clash of the mighty duel that was fought in the blackness of Kwahoo that night. The woman covered the ears of the little Jeanne so that she would not be awakened to the horror of it. Not even Firefly's eyes could see what was happening in the first moments of the combat. Swift Lightning, instead of waiting for Pisew's leap, had shot like a rocket for the big cat when he was ten feet distant, and Pisew had hardly time to throw himself on his back in the terrible and deadly fighting position of the lynx when the wolf-dog's jaws were at his throat.

For perhaps two or three minutes, the terrific, unseen combat continued; and then suddenly the fear swept out of Firefly's heart, and into her veins shot the fire of the fighting collie. It was Swift Lightning, her mate, who was fighting, and he was fighting for her. She sensed that. It gripped her, and, like a little demon, she leaped into the struggle. Her teeth were sharper than Swift Lightning's, though not so long. In her first enraged lunge they pierced the cat's loin. They sank deep and tore viciously. Again and again they ripped; and in that hour, just as Swift Lightning had saved her from Wapusk, the bear, so did Firefly save Swift Lightning from Pisew, the lynx. For, in the darkness, Swift Lightning was fighting an enemy who was strange to him, and whose tricks of combat he had not learned. Torn and bleeding, Firefly's attack gave to him at last a chance for his neck-hold, and in another two minutes Pisew was dead.

Through the darkness came the man with his club, and Swift Lightning and Firefly left the body of their slain enemy and stole to the upper end of Kwahoo, where, for a long time after, Firefly nursed gently with her soft red tongue the wounds of her mate.

And when day came, the woman with the shining hair came near, but not too near, and tossed them chunks of raw meat, which only Firefly touched; and the man, crossing himself, devoutly, swore that, no matter what chance came to him, he would not harm these beasts that had given him life on Kwahoo, for surely they had been placed there by *Le Bon Dieu*, their Master.

And the second day thereafter Swift Lightning ate of the meat that had on it the taint of human hands; and for still three more days the flesh of Pisew, the lynx, was divided evenly between man and beast. On the seventh Firefly and Swift Lightning swam ashore and the man and the woman watched them go, and Gaston whispered that to-morrow they also would go, while in the woman's dark eyes there was a soft glow—and tears.



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FINANCIAL NOTES.

The sensation of the fortnight has been the dramatic withdrawal of Mr. Watt from the Federal Government. At the time of writing no one has stated the exact reason for throwing the affairs of the country into disorder, but it is asserted that the wool negotiations are very largely responsible for what has happened. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Watt have never been a very happy combination. Those who know the two personally are not astonished at the fact. They do not belong to the same school of thought, although each is a politician to the core. If that were not so, Mr. Hughes would not stand where he is, nor could Mr. Watt have been in the Ministry. From the standpoint of public finance the retirement of Mr. Watt when on a mission of the kind is a public misfortune, apart altogether from the full personal equation concealed in the background. It was urgent that something should be done to find a way for the transfer hither of some of the Australian credits in London. Mr. Hughes is right when avowing that it was necessary that the issuing of a loan so as not to draw farther upon resources in Australia should if possible be arranged, also that some agreement should be arrived at in respect to the payments on account of profits derived by the British Government over the disposal of the Australian wool clips. These issues had to be handled deftly, and yet with vigour, and it is fair, while holding that no man is indispensable, to say that it was because Mr. Watt was believed to possess qualities that would enable him to fill the bill in these respects that there was a feeling almost of dismay that he should have resigned from his task. As he has gone finally, the only thing to do is not to palter over the matter, but to set every agent at work to arrive at results. As for the Cabinet, it has to see that this is done, whether Mr. Hughes leads or Mr. Watt goes.

VICTORIAN LOAN.

It is formally announced that Mr. Arthur Robinson is on his way back without having arranged for the redemption of the Victorian Loan of £5,500,000, due in October next. Here again all the facts are not told. It is of the utmost importance that the States should realise how they stand in the eyes of those to whom they owe money in Britain. Is it that we are to be told to keep out of the money markets for a time, not only for capital for public works, but that we must take steps to pay off the debts we owe? Fortunately, Mr. Robinson has lifted the veil a little, for he has denied that London has shut its doors to us entirely. What he states is that we cannot expect to get money more cheaply than Britain. If that be the situation, Victoria is very fortunately situated, and it is amazing that the opportunity was not taken to assure our position over the redemption on such terms. The increase in the Bank of England rate tells its own tale. So did the removal of all props to the international exchange by the British authorities. Too many people were coming on to the market, speculation had to be checked, and the determination of the Government to restore equilibrium in public finance respected. Little doubt can exist that the exchanges were permitted to take their own course in Britain, because it was desired to restrict business with the United States, and to secure the benefits of semi-protection afforded by an adverse exchange. No doubt it is very disagreeable for the Government of Victoria, after having been able to get money at a very low rate of interest, to have to accept terms that are worse than was conjectured, but a short-dated loan ought to have been possible, if the market was as has been said, not antagonistic to the State, but determined to get the rate of interest available in London

THE MARKETS.

To those in the inner circle of the markets, the outlook is without signs of improvement. Nor can this be wondered at when the portents of the times are considered. With Mr. Watt's mission jeopardised, with Queensland getting cold shouldered, and with Victoria having its redemption issue unsettled, uneasiness is felt as to the extent to which this community may be called upon to subscribe to the wants of the nation. So selling of war stocks has gone on. The approaching payment of interest on some of the issues kept rates steady, and the flow of a good deal of money to gilt-edged stocks has helped towards stability, but the benefit the market expected to gain from news of the break up of the drought failed to materialise, owing to the serious industrial upheaval that synchronised with the reports in this direction. In other branches of the investment market bank shares have been almost at a standstill, both in the matter of variation in prices and in sales. Steamship company scrip have eased somewhat, but good buyers appear for certain of the stocks, if they are offered at reasonable concessions on current rates. P. and O. stock, however, has receded to well below £500. In the miscellaneous division the attraction is still for Dunlop ordinary, despite that prices have fallen back, though, perhaps designedly, support has been absent. In the mining market everything is at a lower level. The fall in the price of metals affects stocks like those at Broken Hill or in Northern Queensland, while a second disturbing factor is labour unrest. All gold scrip is dull, because of the failure of the mines to respond to the pick.

LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

Like the E. S. and A. Bank, with which its name has recently been associated in market rumour, this is a London-controlled institution, though it does not go so far as to dispense altogether with Australian directors.

Still, these are almost a negligible quantity, the real head of everything being the general manager, who not long since shifted headquarters from Melbourne to Sydney. The reason was not, as some people avow, that the premises of the bank in the last-named city are the more palatial, but because the view taken is that Sydney must in the future be the king-pin of Australian finance. After all, though it may not be quite discreet to say it, if there was any basis for the rumour that the bank might link up with the E. S. and A., such a fusion would not be at all a bad step. The truth is that with the Commonwealth Bank as a competing factor of such importance, Australia is almost too well supplied with banks. So if an amalgamation of several of them were arranged, no one in the Commonwealth would be the worse off. It has to be agreed that the London has got right out of the slough into which it was precipitated by collapse of the land boom, and to-day has every reason to claim that it can look forward to filling a fairly large niche in Australian finance, as the country progresses and population is added to. Thus since the war profits have increased from £78,394 to £110,052, and as the dividend was only raised in 1918, very solid additions have been made to the reserve fund, with the result that it now stands at £450,000. When looking at the figures of the balance-sheet, it is easy to realise that with shareholders' funds approximating the sums set out, it was a wise step to issue the extra capital recently arranged for, and, at the same time, to put the capital account on the basis it now occupies. The movements in the different items in the balance-sheet show that, as with other institutions of the kind, deposits have increased largely during the past two years. To-day they stand at £8,743,701, while advances at £6,305,188 have expanded by nearly £170,000. Liquid assets have been strengthened, and now represent 8/10 in the £, as against total liabilities to the public of £9,649,335.

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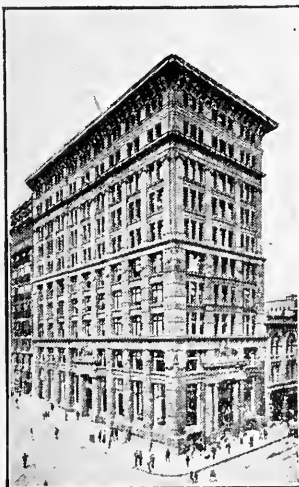
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DOES MY LADY KNOW THAT



The scarf is, of course, influencing the cut of things. Worn now almost as a shawl—certainly as a large wrap—it is also swathed round the body, and fastened behind. A few coats have taken their line from this, and cross over in front, and fasten behind. A good many dresses have the same line, and it is also found in tunics and blouses.

Needless to say, the shawl line is not literally followed. But it is suggested, and for slender figures, it is very becoming.

The question of corsets is one that concerns many women, as all are not slim enough to dispense with them, and some, even if they are slim, prefer to be corseted, as it is the opinion of some medical men that well-made corsets are valuable supports to delicate women. The average woman now wears a specially-made belt, which leaves her digestive and breathing organs free. These belts are made in a combination of elastic and strong cotton cloth. They hold the figure firmly, but do not in any way interfere with the graceful movements of the body, or change the loose effect of the straight up and down dress, so much in favour.

A mole-coloured velour can be cleaned by rubbing some common salt (warmed) on the hat with crushed tissue paper. Brush off with a stiff brush. White or light coloured velours, or felt hats, can be cleaned with powdered magnesia, warmed, then rubbed on the hat, the reverse way of the grain, by means of a piece of muslin. Leave the hat for

a while, then shake off as much as possible of the powder, and brush off the remainder.

As a preliminary step for cleaning any furs give them a good sun-bath—hang them out in the sunshine, shake them in the sunshine, let the latter literally get into the skin of them. Long-haired, dark furs should be cleaned with bran. Put the latter into a tin, and stand in the oven until warmed through. Then rub well into the fur with the fingers, working “against the grain.” Shake off the bran, and repeat the process, using as many applications as are necessary—until the bran comes away clean. Shake very thoroughly to get rid of all the bran. Exactly the same process can be followed for white or light furs, only powdered magnesia should be used instead of bran. Short-haired furs can be cleaned in the same manner, though if these are not very dirty it is simpler to put the furs in a bag with the warmed bran or magnesia, and shake about until the cleaning is accomplished.

Lips need exercise to keep them flexible. The lips of most women—a beauty doctor says—are either wide open and laughing or pressed together in a hard, straight line. Few people can close their lips without making that forbidding line. This was the advice she gave: Practise just touching the lips together without pressing them. The teeth should not meet at all, just the lips. For the serious-minded, this is a difficult exercise.

The rubber rings used to make potted-meat jars, etc., airtight, are generally thrown away with the lid of the jar. If, however, the rings are removed, you will find that when bottling jams, fruit, pickles, etc., instead of tying on the paper covers with string, the rings will fit tightly to the necks of the bottles, and keep the contents perfectly airtight.

To get a good effect when staining the floor it is important that cracks between the boards and holes in the wood should be filled up. The best filling is news-

paper pulp, prepared in the following way: Tear up some newspapers into small pieces, and put these into an old pan with water. Place on the fire, and boil well, stirring frequently. When the whole has been reduced to a soft mass, not too liquid, it is ready for use. All the spaces between the boards, and any holes in the wood, are filled in with the pulp. Spaces where the skirting meets the floor, should also be blocked with the pulp. Allow the material to become quite dry, and then apply the stain, which takes perfectly on the pulp, so that the places where the lines and holes were do not show up in contrast to the wood. Moreover, a perfectly unbroken level of floor is secured, which is easy to keep clean.

A snow pudding can be made as follows:—1 teaspoonful gelatine, 2 tablespoonfuls cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful lemon juice, white of one egg, yolk of 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls sugar, little salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk, 4 drops vanilla. Make a lemon jelly of the first four ingredients. When hardening like thick cream, beat the white of the egg and beat it into the jelly. Pour into moulds to harden. Make a custard of the remaining ingredients. Serve around the jelly.

Cucumber pickles can be made as follows:—Take 100 small cucumbers, and slice with the skins on. Then 25 small onions sliced. Place alternate layers of cucumber and onions, sprinkle each layer with salt and let stand for three hours. Pour off the brine and add the following dressing: 1 cupful salad oil, 4 tablespoonfuls celery seeds, 4 quarts cold vinegar, 2 cupfuls white mustard seeds, 2 cupfuls black mustard seeds. Stir well and cover closely. Let stand at least three weeks before using. These are most delicious pickles.

To make cheese straws take 1 teaspoonful butter, 1-6 cupful flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful grated cheese, 1-16 teaspoonful salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful milk? Cream butter. Add flour, crumbs, grated cheese, and the seasoning. Mix thoroughly, then add milk. Roll $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; cut $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and 6 inches long. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Use fresh bread crumbs.

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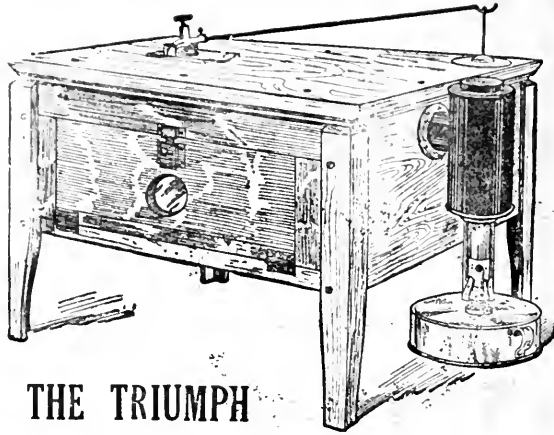
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